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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Politics to-day can give us nothing so delicious as Lord Rosebery pouring precious balm on his friends' heads. It has the effect—on all who are not Lord Rosebery's friends—of those most delicate of scents, natural scents, whose pungency vivifies their sweetness. Lord Rosebery, with sound economy no doubt, had kept the bottle closely stoppered for more than twelve months—so the salts were strong and volatile as ever. But how do Lord Rosebery's old colleagues like it? We all know the man—more analogous to Lord Rosebery to-day than the umpire, his own figure—who, when you are deep in an uphill game, persists from his irresponsible position of spectator in commenting currently on your play and showing you what you ought not to have done. Players do not seem to find this advice helpful—to judge by the effect on their temper. Maybe his Majesty's Ministers are not entirely grateful to Lord Rosebery, descending from his Olympian irresponsibility, even when he tells them they have been extraordinarily successful in a task perhaps even more difficult than that he once had to carry through—but did not (understood, not said). Pleasure in Lord Rosebery's feline felicities of speech will hardly salve irritation at being told by this ex-International that they are playing the game all wrong.

They may be taking too much on them—they may not be able to "do something terrible with the House of Lords"; tear up the land system by the roots and remodel it throughout the length and breadth of the land; do something drastic with temperance; reform Ireland and everything else—but probably they would rather Lord Rosebery told them this privately, as a friend—for he always speaks as a friend—and not proclaim it to the public and the press. And their irritation would be the greater that they know their friend's criticism is right. To be corrected by your friend justly is more than human nature can stand. Of course Lord Rosebery is right. By taking up Home Rule—and no thickness of "Devolution" gilt will hide it—and by attacking property undiscerningly they will get the non-party man against them. By blowing blasts against the House of Lords, and bringing down a brick instead of the wall, they will make themselves ridiculous and their supporters furious. And as for an Irish University measure, Lord Rosebery doubts if we shall hear any more of it. No doubt he was the more moved to admonish the Government on their excessive programme by seeing that "irresponsible members of the party" (what else is Lord Rosebery?) in the person of Mr. Byles (to the "Westminster") are chafing at the Government for not attempting more. It is so pleasant to be talked at on both sides in this way.

We fancy that his remarks on the land question, on small holders and rural depopulation, will not endear Lord Rosebery even to all his friends of the Liberal League. The uncommon sense of it is startling and downright rude to the back-to-the-landers. Lord Rosebery does not believe that you can create with a wave of the legislative Radical wand a class of successful small holders. He actually dares to say that he prefers the small holder of Nature to the small holder of art; and as for the back-to-the-land business, it is clear that he regards it as, largely, back-to-the-land bunkum. "Whom are you going to bring back?" he asks sceptically. "If you could bring back the good old yeoman, I should be the first to welcome him." We fear the Liberal party will abuse Lord Rosebery for this remark about yeomen, as Ruskin once abused the "Daily Telegraph" in its Liberal days. The "Telegraph" pleaded for large landowners, with a backing of a few yeomen; and the idea of only a few yeomen enraged the prophet.

Lord Rosebery is persuaded that not Tories nor Liberals but the Liberal League represents the inarticulate mass. The mass which has "no name, no organisation, and no denomination" will never tolerate a preferential duty on foodstuffs or a separate Parliament for Ireland; therefore it can only creep out of the shower under the "umbrella" of the Liberal League. (The old gamp is brought out again, but now Lord Rosebery walks under it alone, no longer between "these two gentlemen".) The League is the one sane society which will keep them dry until the political sky is clear again. What is the fact about this asylum for the average Great Briton? A cave formed by an abortive party convulsion, containing the smallest political group in the kingdom (if we except perhaps the remnant of the Unionist Free Fooders), which about once a year shows signs of existence, when it meets to listen to "the croakings of a retired raven on a withered branch", its president. A left league and a left leader. As for re-entering practical politics, the raven wisely answers "Nevermore"; but for making speeches, we trust it is "Evermore".

We are glad to see that Mr. Bowles—Neoptolemos, not Achilles—is on the warpath in the House. He is on the track of Lord Esher, the unknown quantity who moves in a mysterious way amid the arcana of State and through the public offices. Mr. Bowles will find it as difficult, we fear, to come up with him as Macaulay's Black Auster found it to come up with the Twin Brethren. Go to the War Office; he might be there, though he has no status there; go to the British Museum, where he has a status, but no qualification. No matter where Mr. Bowles goes, he will hear Lord Esher has been there before him. Unhappily this singular genius leaves no brilliancy in his train to light you by. Mr. Haldane talks mysteriously of the benefits he has rendered to the public services, benefits Mr. Haldane would he could adequately reward. Can this beneficent influence be "Reggie Brett"?

Mr. Bowles inherits "the" member for King's Lynn's interest and skill in questions, and another point he raised is really a most important national one, though by most people voted deadly dull. Mr. Bowles, as Mr. Asquith was bound to admit, has convicted the Treasury authorities of an act of expenditure contrary to law; he has brought them to book, and has actually convicted the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself of illegality! It is true that in convicting Mr. Asquith he has convicted Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the last Chancellor of the Exchequer, but this does not take from his triumph. We remember Mr. T. G. Bowles all but giving Sir William Harcourt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, a nasty fall over a financial matter during the Death Duties debate, but now the pupil has indeed outstripped the master.

Everybody likes Mr. "Loo" Harcourt, and he is the son of his father. If pedigree and popularity are the qualifications of a Cabinet Minister, nobody deserves promotion more than the First Commissioner of Works. But measured by parliamentary services, there can be no question that Mr. Winston Churchill has superior claims. Mr. Churchill is no favourite of ours; but we more than doubt if Mr. Harcourt could have piloted the colonial policy of the Government with that mixture of unctuous rectitude and solemn insolence, which always succeeds in the House of Commons, and of which the Under-Secretary is a past master. Mr. Harcourt has all his father's urbanity in debate, some of his wit, and, happily for himself, none of his temper.

We sympathise with Mr. Lupton M.P., not in his anti-vaccinationist views, but in his dislike of the idea of vaccinated veal. Lately Mr. Burns, with the air of a man having a sound, wholesome appetite, declared that he would not in the least object to eat vaccinated veal were it served up to table. Mr. Lupton has set down a question to the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee on this matter. If the Chairman says that vaccinated veal is on the menu, we shall not be surprised to hear that the receipts fall off. We remember a case where after an all-night sitting the stock of refreshments at the House ran so low that one of the officials had to go out to Westminster Bridge and buy up the contents of a street coffee-stall. But such food is pleasant to consider compared with that Mr. Lupton has been thinking of. It would certainly be well to imprison in the clock tower any person who supplied veal of this description to the House.

There was to be another motion on Wednesday by Sir C. McLaren on the Woman's Suffrage question; but a Bill put down for second reading by Mr. Levy "blocked" the motion and it could not come on. The tactics can hardly be approved even though the object is to prevent a quite unnecessary motion on this subject. If there is to be any more talk about it let it be on a definite Bill. The last one has now dropped out. That was intended seriously. Mr. Levy's Bill proposes the franchise for all adult men and women, which is not a serious proposition. Mr. Levy is a Liberal, but this is very like Mr. Shaw's "new Conservatism", which we agree is contemptible.

What can be done to shake the British people out of their coma—sleep is too light a word—in all questions American? How many, in the House or out of it, saw the significance of Mr. Arnold-Forster's question to Sir Edward Grey on Tuesday and the answer? Yet there is nothing now on the carpet nearly so important as the negotiations pending between the United States and the British Empire about Canadian matters. The "New York Evening Post", the most inspired of all the New York papers, announced that Mr. Root proposed the adoption by Canada of the American tariff as laid against Great Britain and all other countries, and then free trade between the United States and the Dominion. Sir Edward Grey was unable to deny that this proposal was made, and he had to admit that it would be within Mr. Bryce's instructions to discuss a proposal of this kind. Canadian feeling is against any such arrangement, but Mr. Bryce will of course do his utmost to persuade Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government from their sentiment for England. Mr. Bryce, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, would no doubt view American annexation of Canada with equanimity.

A sinister light has been thrown on Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude towards things Imperial by Mr. Borden's persistence in discussing his reluctance to attend the Colonial Conference. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after a period of hesitation which cannot be explained by the exigencies of the Parliamentary situation in Canada, has now decided to join the other Colonial Premiers in London. It is, to say the least, unfortunate that he should have followed up his obvious desire to hold aloof from the first essentially business meeting of the representatives of the Empire by the statement that his Government cannot "concur in the creation of a permanent organisation in London which might be a source of embarrassment to all concerned". Such a statement can only bear an interpretation which those who believe in the possibility of some form of federation would rather not make. It will appeal to the Bourassas of Canada; but if its meaning is what it seems to be, then we can only ask what Sir Wilfrid Laurier meant a year or two ago when he said, "If you wish for our support, call us to your Councils"!

One might have thought navigation laws affecting the interests of the whole Empire would be just the subject for a Colonial Conference. Instead they are being considered by certain colonial representatives now in London in conference with the President of the Board of Trade. Some confusion and more inconvenience has been caused by recent legislation, at home, abroad, and in the colonies, and it is hoped that the Merchant Shipping Conference will arrive at an understanding in principle that will admit of uniformity of legislation throughout the Empire. Where such diverse conditions exist as between the old and the new on the one hand, and between coloured

labour and white on the other, there must be serious difficulties in reconciling the interests of all concerned, even within the Empire. Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion of a common standard with foreign countries is of that pious cosmopolitanism which distinguishes Liberal Governments.

Johannesburg entertains General Botha and his colleagues, and Sir George Farrar and his friends sit down at the same table with their old opponents of the hustings and the trenches. Truly, it is a pleasant thing to dwell together in unity. This, we hope, is the apposite text, and not, peace when there is no peace. We certainly do not speak scoffingly; everywhere and every time we loathe even the suggestion of carrying political differences into personal relations. But it is mere reason to be discreetly sceptical of the root of a friendship that springs up and blossoms in an hour. However, General Botha is making faultless little speeches on his way out of Africa, and Mr. Smuts seems to have spoken with much commonsense on education. The sky is clear for the moment.

The Amir, before he reached Kabul, on his way home from India, gave practical proof of his friendship for England. There should be some virtue in the severe snub he gave to the representatives of the Zakka Khel, the most pestilent of the Khyber Afridis, who came to ask his protection, though their country lies on the British side of the political border line. They were curtly told to go to their own Government and dismissed without even the customary present. Habibulla has already tried the experiment of enlisting Afridis, with the result that they deserted as soon as they got their bounty and a rifle. The Amir pronounced them "disbanded" with permission to retain their rifles and reverted to the wiser and more loyal policy of his father, who gave them nothing but unpalatable truths. Possibly his policy may also be adopted towards those Mullahs who are reported to have received Habibulla on his return with denunciations for his truck with the infidel. Abdur Rahman, similarly scolded by his Mullahs, drew his sword and with it "showed them the way of the Lord".

Very serious disturbances that may almost be described as insurrectionary are vexing Roumania. They are peasant risings and have agrarian reforms as their object; they began with the plunder of the Jews, many of whom are said to have systematically rented extensive estates and to have raised the rents and aggravated the conditions of the peasants working on these estates; but the movement is also directed against the Roumanian landowners who farm their own lands. There has been immense destruction of property, and large forces of the military have fought with masses of peasantry numbering thousands, and fights have taken place in which many peasants and soldiers have been killed; in some cases the soldiers taking the part of the peasantry. A new Ministry has been formed, which has issued a proclamation promising reduction of taxation and many agrarian reforms, some of which have already been introduced and passed in great haste. If the disorders are not speedily quelled, they will probably lead to serious frontier troubles with Russia and Austria. Latest accounts hardly show that the government has yet succeeded in restoring order, and Bucharest itself has been put in a state of siege in anticipation of attack.

The French Government has at last been goaded into action in Morocco by the foul murder of a French subject, Dr. Mauchamp, in Marakesh. This is by no means the first outrage of the kind, though perhaps the most brutal. A moment before he was set on and done to death, Dr. Mauchamp was distributing medicine to the poor. The French Government has decided to occupy Ujda, a town on the road to Fez. They did mean business this time and orders were at once given to General Liautey to set his troops in motion. Everyone, of course, approves of the French action. Had France acted before, this trouble would probably have been averted.

French officers allow themselves a freedom of speech which embarrasses their superiors considerably, as the debate in the French Chamber shows. In General Bailloud's case it is clear that his transference on account of his speech about war with Germany is nothing but a concession to the conventions. General Picquart even dropped the expression "le jour voulu", which was in the same vein as General Bailloud's speech and the Prime Minister told the Chamber that if he were to tell the words with which he greeted the General they would know what sentiments beat in his heart. As for the lieutenant who declared at a public meeting that he would not fire on the people if ordered and who has been reinstated, it seems more dangerous for the army even than the freedom of officers who speak in public of war with Germany. The excuse was that Lieut. Delange had expressed his regret; and the Prime Minister mitigated his offence by quoting the officers who refused to act in taking the Church inventories but who were nevertheless retained.

In Russia the change that has come over the Constitutional Democrats is the most remarkable circumstance about the Douma. The speech of M. Roditcheff, on the appointment of a committee to investigate and control famine relief, and the hearty acceptance of his resolution by M. Stolypin, are striking evidence of the new spirit which prevails. The Social Democrats endeavoured to carry one of those motions which showed the impossibility of the first Douma. They wanted to send delegates to the villages to take charge of famine relief. M. Roditcheff showed the mischief of this proposal, and his own resolution was carried by a great majority with the approval of the Ministry. In regard to the amnesty question and the Bill revoking the provisional law of field courts-martial, M. Stolypin's explanations in declining to support the Bill have been accepted, though not relished, by the Douma, and these very dangerous topics are no longer threatening. If the murder of the ex-Deputy Professor Iollas, the editor of a Moscow paper, be proved to be, as asserted, the work of the Union of the Russian People, we trust, and do not doubt, that the Government will show itself as stern in punishment as in the case of the revolutionaries.

M. Pobiedonostzeff, ex-Chief Procurator of the Russian Church, died on Sunday. During the three reigns of Alexander II., Alexander III., and until recently of Nicholas II., his ideas have had more influence on Russian history than those of any other Russian statesman. It was he who prevented the Constitution promulgated by Alexander II. from coming into effect; in all probability the delay in granting the Constitution of Nicholas II. was due to his influence; and his retirement when it became a fact indicated the decline of his power. All this is indisputable, for M. Pobiedonostzeff had not hesitated in writings addressed to the constitutional peoples of Europe to express himself in favour of the absolute autocracy of the Tsars, and to condemn with immeasurable contempt and hatred all theories of the democratic State. He was therefore indiscriminately anathematised by men who knew this much of him, but forgot that he worked under Russian and not British conditions. In character and ability he was a great man, and in learning and accomplishments possessed of all that modern education can give. Some of the newspaper notices seem not to be aware of this, and they have imagined a Tamerlane the Tartar, a rude, ruthless tyrant revelling in cruelty.

The visit of the Russian squadron to Portsmouth and the kindly reception of the officers and men who came to London on Tuesday agree pleasantly with the better feeling in England towards Russia. Possibly some time ago, when noisy demonstrations were being made against the visit of the British fleet to Russia, the hospitality which has been shown to the officers and sailors would at most have been apathetically acquiesced in. On Tuesday the visitors were welcomed in the fine spirit which prompted the King to provide for their entertainment in London as his guests and generally to make their short stay agreeable.

Mr. Justice Kekewich has decided that Mrs. Jalland is entitled to the property which Mr. Wagstaff left to her for her life "if she should so long continue his widow". As it was well known to Mr. Wagstaff at the time he made his will that Mrs. Jalland's husband was still alive, the difficulty of construing the words "his widow" is obvious. She might either be held not entitled at all, as she was not his widow, or she might have the property while she kept up the character of Mrs. Wagstaff, which she gave up, or if and when she reunited herself with Mr. Jalland she should lose it, or finally she should only lose it if she actually made another marriage after his death. It is this last alternative that Mr. Justice Kekewich interprets as the real intention of the testator. As he used the word "wife" in a secondary sense when speaking of Mrs. Jalland, so he used the word "widow". If he had meant to use it in a strict sense he would have been guilty of the mockery of actually taking away the gift while appearing to make it; and the Judge held that all the circumstances were against such a supposition. A few explicit words would have removed all possibility of doubt.

In the Annual Statement of the General Council of the Bar for 1906-7 the one specific record of progress is the altering of the Long Vacation so that henceforward it will begin on August 1 and end on October 12. The Lord Chancellor's Bill for enabling the Court of Appeal to sit in three Divisions, each one composed of two Judges, is disapproved, and an alternative suggested that there shall be three permanent Divisions of three Judges and that the whole of the present Appellate business of the King's Bench Division shall go to the Court of Appeal. This would be far more satisfactory, but we suppose it is hopeless at present to expect an economising Government to spend £15,000 a year more on judicial salaries. So also is another scheme the Council approves—that of Sir Harry Poland for instituting a County Criminal Court on the model of the Central Criminal Court. No greater legal reform could be effected; but no one can say for how much longer the Circuit system will be botched and ineffective re-arrangements have to be made. In an interesting passage the Council remarks that in the opinion of many the Circuit system is slowly being killed. It is certainly obstructing many needed reforms.

Twenty years ago the name of Professor von Bergmann was very well known in England. He was even then the leading surgeon in Germany, but his professional reputation alone would not have attracted the attention of the non-professional Englishman. But the Emperor Frederick was seriously ill; and his doctors, chief of whom was Dr. Bergmann, had diagnosed cancer. The bulletins made Dr. Bergmann's name very familiar to England, where everything was eagerly read about the sovereign whose magnificent figure had been seen at the Queen's Jubilee, and who was the husband of the Princess Royal. Then there came the summoning of Sir Morell Mackenzie and his diagnosis differing from that of the German doctors. All middle-aged Englishmen recall vividly the bitter personal and political disputes and international animosities which arose around the Emperor Frederick's deathbed. Less vividly but still distinctly they remember the professional, or perhaps unprofessional, controversy which was afterwards continued between Professor von Bergmann and Mackenzie.

Everybody who counts in foreign politics has backed the proposal to place a statue of Lord Salisbury in the Foreign Office. Sir Edward Grey, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon are among the movers, and there is no distinction of party in the matter. It is suggested that the statue might well be placed on the vacant pedestal at the foot of the grand staircase. We do not think there could be any spot quite so fitting as this for a memorial of the great Minister. We do not associate Lord Salisbury as we do most other English statesmen of great eminence, Mr. Gladstone or Lord Randolph Churchill, with a crowd. His statue seems more happily placed therefore in the serene environment of the Foreign Office than in the "central roar" of populous places.

FRANCE AND THE MOORISH FORT.

NEITHER the Republican Government nor the people of France should get much satisfaction from the chorus of approval and applause that has greeted their decision to occupy a place on the road to Fez called Ujda. It is nothing but an ironical cheer. How could it be otherwise, seeing the opportunities France has had in Morocco; what she might have done, and what has she done? The public does not remember, or does not consider, in what a position of vantage in Morocco the Anglo-French Agreement established France. Article 2 of the "Declaration between the United Kingdom and France respecting Egypt and Morocco", which is better known as the "Anglo-French Agreement", states that "His Britannic Majesty's Government, for their part, recognise that it appertains to France, more particularly as a Power whose dominions are conterminous for a great distance with those of Morocco, to preserve order in that country, and to provide assistance for the purpose of all administrative, economic, financial and military reforms which it may require". A glance at this Article shows clearly that France has formally undertaken to establish order in Morocco, and its French text "Il appartient à la France de veiller à la tranquillité", &c., confirms this. As the Anglo-French Agreement was subsequently approved of by all the Powers chiefly interested in the Mediterranean, France has been given by these Powers the mandate to act as their representative, and as the guardian of public order in Morocco.

The Anglo-French Agreement is dated 8 April, 1904, and it will in a few days be exactly three years old. Yet, so far, France has done nothing "to preserve order" in Morocco, in accordance with her obligations, and the state of that country is as unsatisfactory as ever it was. Morocco remains in a more or less active state of civil war; Europeans are threatened, ill-treated or killed; robbery with violence takes place every day on the public roads, travel and trade are seriously interfered with, the political and economic decay of the country goes on unchecked, and its magnificent natural resources remain unutilised. The Anglo-French Agreement, through the passivity of France, has remained a dead letter. Instead of preserving the peace, France has tolerated lawlessness and violence. Instead of "establishing order" she has allowed anarchy to become established. The state of Morocco is becoming a danger to the peace of Europe, and therefore a matter of international interest and concern. It is true that, since 1904, there has been the Algeciras Conference, by the stipulations of which certain administrative and other institutions, such as the police and the State Bank, were placed under international control. However, the Algeciras Conference did not deny, but rather confirmed, the fact that, apart from the internationalised institutions, France occupied a special position towards Morocco, and that it was her duty to keep her unruly neighbour in order.

Whilst the Algeciras Conference had not lessened France's obligation to keep order in Morocco, it had greatly diminished her prestige in the eyes of the Moors. Having so dramatically taken the part of the Moors against France, and having first "pulled up" France and then succeeded in restricting the powers conceded to her, Germany has become the most influential nation in Morocco, and it is quite likely she has, officially or unofficially, encouraged the Moors to treat France and the French with contempt. Consequently outrage after outrage has been perpetrated on French citizens, as the long list given by the Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, in the Chamber of Deputies, shows, and French trade has been boycotted by the natives. Nevertheless France has done practically nothing to create order in Morocco. The recent murder of Dr. Mauchamp has made further shirking of action impossible.

At last France has been compelled to act, and we learn that the French Government has decided to occupy Ujda and to demand an adequate reparation for the injuries done to French citizens. Unfortunately, the tone of the Ministerial speeches made in the French Chamber distinctly betrays the reluctance of the

Government to act energetically, a reluctance which apparently springs from lack of self-confidence, and it is to be feared that absence of determination may manifest itself in half-hearted action in Morocco. Ujda, which does an exceedingly large trade with Algiers in cattle, wool, skins, &c., and which lies close upon the French frontier, lives on French money and is almost a French town, and there is nothing surprising in the report that no resistance to the occupation is expected. Therefore the occupation of Ujda may fail to have the required effect, confusion in Morocco may become greater rather than less, and the seizure of that town may increase the lawlessness of the country instead of diminishing it. Moorish violence in the parts unoccupied by French troops may increase the difficulties of France and may even endanger the peace of Europe.

In civil life an agent who does not do his duty is replaced. Treaties, the performance of which has not been observed, lapse ipso facto. The Powers who have an interest in Morocco cannot be expected indefinitely to leave the persons and the goods of their citizens at the mercy of the Moors if France, who, at her own wish, was appointed to create order in Morocco, refuses to act. Any moment may bring news of an incident, such as the murder of a number of Europeans, which may arouse public opinion and compel the Powers jointly to take steps for the order of Morocco; or some individual Power may exact reparation for injury done to its citizens by individual action. Such reparation might take the shape of the occupation of Moorish territory, an occupation which, though nominally temporary, might interminably be prolonged, or be legalised in some way or other. The story of Kiaochau may repeat itself through the dilatoriness of France.

France is strongly interested in the integrity of Morocco. Algiers is the most valuable colony of France, and not only Algiers but also Tunis and the other French colonies in North-West Africa might become untenable by the French if a strong military Power, not afraid of creating frontier incidents, and not averse from corresponding with the natives in the French colonies and from influencing them against French rule, should acquire a firm footing in Morocco. Hence France cannot afford to give a third Power a perhaps much-desired pretext for occupying Moorish soil.

Through the possession of Gibraltar and the great strategical value possessed by some of the Moroccan harbours, which might neutralise Gibraltar, Great Britain is, after France, the Power most interested in Morocco. We have voluntarily abandoned our predominant position which we formerly held in that country, so that France might take our place, but we have not abandoned that position in order to enable a third Power to succeed us and to become predominant in Morocco to our own hurt. Great Britain cannot allow a third Power to create more or less serious complications for her and perhaps to endanger the security of Gibraltar because France, following a policy of fearful and fatal indifference, wishes to remain in nominal possession of Morocco.

France must make up her mind now, and make it clear to the world by her action, whether she means to "preserve order in Morocco" in accordance with her treaty obligations, or whether she wishes to be relieved of her responsibility. Indecision is the worst of policies in dealing with a population of lawless and ill-informed fanatics. Indecision has, according to Picard's Report to the Corps Legislative in 1864, caused France to spend £120,000,000 and to sacrifice 150,000 men in the slow conquest of her Algerian colonies. In configuration, climate, and population Morocco resembles Algiers. Does France wish to be bled gradually of a large part of her wealth and of her population for the benefit of her national competitors? Unless France acts with vigour and determination and acts without delay, she may presently find herself engaged in a war which will cripple her militarily and financially, and such a war can be avoided only by acting with timely energy. Right is on her side, and no nation is entitled to interfere with France if she exacts justice for herself and creates order in Morocco.

THE TRANSVAAL TRUCE.

ALL the world is overjoyed because General Botha, being placed in the seat of Kruger with the resources of the British Empire at his disposal, has made us a bow, and said "Thank you, gentlemen: your confidence is appreciated." What else could he have said? Did we expect him to throw his hat in our face, and cry, "You fools! Now I am going to wipe out Vereeniging"? We may even believe that General Botha is genuinely moved by our magnanimity in restoring his country to his race, without feeling any confidence in the reckless experiment which the Imperial Government has made. General Botha is not Het Volk, and he retains his position as its leader only so long as he obeys its behests, and reflects its prejudices. Already we hear growls of disapproval from sturdy and uncourtly soldiers of the type of De La Rey and De Wet at the General's participation in the Imperial Conference. Nor are we cheered by the perception that the right-hand man of General Botha is Mr. Smuts, whose record in the war is anything but a good one. As for the political hybrids, the Hulls and the Solomons, we distrust them more than we do the downright Boers. It is impossible to forget how Mr. Hofmeyr fooled Mr. Rhodes with smooth words, and how Mr. Schreiner declared that he would do his best to keep the Cape Colony "neutral" in a war between Great Britain and the Transvaal. There is another fatal mistake which has been committed, or rather repeated, in this business, we mean the use of two languages in the legislature and the law courts. The permission to use their own language in the courts and Parliament, which we weakly allowed to the French-Canadians, has prevented to this day the French colonists in the province of Quebec from ever really mingling with the British. The French-Canadians are still a separate community, whose loyalty is largely due to the knowledge that if the Americans annexed Canada, they would make short work of the religious, linguistic, and fiscal privileges of the French Catholics. Despite of this warning experience, we have allowed the Boer taal to be used as an official tongue in the law courts and the legislature of the Transvaal. How can a Parliament glow with British patriotism when the majority of its members speak a foreign dialect, which the British minority do not understand? On the whole we think that the exultation of the British press, and the self-congratulatory speeches of British Ministers, are just a little premature.

The Transvaal Ministry have postponed making any further announcement of their policy till June. In view of the fact that the Premier is coming to London at once to attend the Colonial Conference, this was inevitable. The delay is also beneficial, seeing the extreme danger of making a false step at the outset. Indeed the economic situation in the Transvaal is most critical, and if mishandled might easily be aggravated into panic and disorder. Distress is but too apparent on all sides, such is the havoc wrought by politicians in the commerce of the world. The attitude of General Botha and his colleagues towards Chinese labour strikes us as reasonable and satisfactory. The new Ministers were bound to condemn Chinese labour in principle, if only as a compliment to the Liberal Government to whom they owe their existence. In practice they will continue to tolerate it so long as it is necessary, which will be for a very long time. We are not afraid that General Botha will succumb to the rhetorical charms of Messrs. Mackarness, Byles, Seely, Lehmann & Co. These gentlemen do not live in the Transvaal, nor are they responsible for its administration. General Botha will doubtless receive their advances with civility, but he will not repay them by pledges. General Botha does live in the Transvaal, and has to find the money for its government, not forgetting the little loans to his Boer farmers. As the mining industry and the railways are the only sources of revenue in the Transvaal, unless a heavy land-tax be laid upon the farmers, the new Ministers are not ni the least likely to starve the mines for the sake of the humanitarian theories of Major Seely and Mr. Mackarness. But we never have been afraid of the prospects of the mining magnates. Now that the

Boers, and the Africanders, and the commercial small fry have shaken off the yoke of the capitalist at the polls, there is probably nothing that they will not, one and all, do for him as an employer of labour and a spender of money. The number of Kaffirs in the mines will increase slowly, up to a certain point; labour-saving appliances will help; and the number of Chinese will decrease; but they will not disappear. At last the Radical moralists will grow accustomed to them—besides, the Hebrides Convention has a little checked their fierce indignation. It is not of the economic, but of the political, outlook that we are apprehensive. We earnestly impress upon our countrymen the necessity of watching carefully the signs of the South African sky, of being constantly on the alert. We hope, as every man who loves the Empire must hope, that the experiment of placing the necks of our kinsmen in the Transvaal under the feet of the Boers may turn out well. But hope, though very good company by the way, is a dangerous guide in life. A thing is not true because we wish it to be so. "Smooth comforts false" are "worse than true wrongs". It is childish to mistake a few civil words from General Botha for a solid guarantee of British loyalty. We are prepared for a quite ridiculous outpouring of "gush" from newspapers and politicians over the Transvaal Premier at the coming Colonial Conference. That will not affect our opinion in the least. We are content to wait, and to judge our new colonists by deeds not words.

MINISTERS UNDER THE QUESTION.

TO the astute parliamentarian questions afford endless opportunities to air one's knowledge or expose a Minister's ignorance or error for which debate would give no opening. In debate a Minister can evade any inconvenient subject which might be raised, but a well-framed question pins him to a precise and definite answer, which he must make generally without reserve or qualification and from which there is no subsequent escape. Despite the considerable labour which these questions mean for Ministers, rather for the departments with which they are connected, questions will go on; they will even be fruitful and multiply.

Questions are the modern equivalent of examination by torture. It is interesting to see how Ministers stand the rack as applied by some of the young lions of the Opposition. Take first a question which Mr. Mitchell-Thomson, one of the most promising of the younger members of the Unionist party, addressed to Sir Edward Grey last Monday. As is well known to all who have followed the reports of the debates in the Canadian Parliament, the new Canadian tariff consists of a General Tariff to be imposed on goods from countries which treat Canadian goods as favourably as those from any other country; an Intermediate Tariff of somewhat lower duties which could be extended to certain foreign countries as the result of special arrangements with them; and a Preferential Tariff in favour of goods from the United Kingdom and certain other British colonies. That Canada regards her General Tariff as the conventional tariff is shown by the fact that she imposes a surtax of one-third of the General Tariff on goods from those countries which treat Canadian products unfairly. Mr. Mitchell-Thomson therefore asked Sir Edward Grey if, in the event of Canada extending the Intermediate Tariff to any foreign country, she would be compelled to extend it to every foreign country from whom she wishes most-favoured-nation treatment. The Foreign Secretary now declares this to be so, and thus overrides the explicit and express intention of the Canadian Government. True, the Foreign Secretary points out that Canada has the option of adhering to the most-favoured-nation treaties concluded by the Home Government, but his unequivocal decision places the Canadian Government in a very difficult position. They have in the past given their adherence to a number of treaties in the terms of which they were never consulted; their interpretation of the obligations which such adhesion forced upon them was utterly opposed to that now given by Sir Edward Grey; they must therefore now give notice of withdrawal—which is far more difficult than notice of non-adhesion—in all those cases where they may not wish to extend the Intermediate Tariff. The only other alternative is for them not to bring the Intermediate Tariff into force. This they are able to do, but it will be impossible to avoid the impression gaining ground in Canada that this country has by some means interfered with one of the most valued prerogatives of our self-governing colonies—non-interference with their tariff arrangements.

Mr. Mitchell-Thomson has recently addressed two other questions to Sir Edward Grey as to the different construction put by the United States and Continental Governments on the subjects of coastal trade and most-favoured-nation treatment. It is admitted that upon both these questions the United States adopts interpretations which are directly opposed to those adopted by the rest of the civilised world. This divergent interpretation led one of the most prominent members of the Unionist party recently to describe the United States as a "chartered libertine" of international politics. Upon both these questions it appears that representations have been made to the United States Government in the past; but without avail. The United States would probably be the first to protest if this country were to reserve trade between Canada and the United Kingdom to British vessels, yet this is analogous to what is done when trade between Porto Rico and Hawaii and the United States is reserved to United States vessels. We can only express our surprise that a Minister of Sir Edward Grey's reputed strength should say that "the question appears to be one of policy, and it is not proposed to change the policy hitherto adopted". We know, from an answer to Mr. Pike Pease a few days ago upon a similar question, that Sir E. Grey refuses to make any representations which will settle this difficult question. Similar questions have in the past been fruitful of the bitterest feuds between nations, and the statesman who will settle with the United States the interpretation of coastal trade and of most-favoured-nation treatment in accordance with accepted international usage will earn the gratitude of the world. Our importance both as a commercial and as a maritime nation would sufficiently justify us in bringing these questions to a definite issue. It may be that Sir E. Grey feels that under our present fiscal system he has nothing to offer the United States in return for what would be certainly regarded as a concession.

Of a totally different complexion have been the answers by several Ministers respecting the Canadian surtax on German goods. Negotiations are known to have been taking place respecting the removal of the surtax, yet we find, within the same week, the Foreign Office disclaiming any knowledge of the matter; the Board of Trade discrediting the idea of such negotiations taking place, and the Colonial Office asserting that they could only be conducted through the Colonial Office. These answers are exceedingly unsatisfactory, not only because of the discrepancy they disclose in the attitude of different Ministers upon questions of colonial policy, but because they show, in the light of the well-attested fact of pourparlers between Germany and Canada, that such discussions were proceeding in an unconstitutional manner and behind the back of the Imperial Government. Knowing how strong are the views of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the question of the powers of the colonies to negotiate direct with foreign countries, we seem to be slipping to a crisis in our relations with the self-governing colonies.

The effective use of questions is seen in the heckling—continued for some weeks—to which Mr. Remnant subjected Mr. Burns recently on account of his statement that in the State of New York there was an average of 17 per cent. of unemployment during the last three years as compared with 4 to 5 per cent. in this country. It was dragged out of the President of the Local Government Board that it was this very figure which he had quoted for unemployment in the United States that the Board of Trade had declared was abnormally high, and was by the difference of its contents unsuitable for comparison with other countries. He claimed however that, even when "all allowances" are made, a substantial difference remained to illustrate the higher

unemployment in the United States. On being pressed for particulars of these allowances it was shown that his average of 15·9 per cent. was reduced to 10·4 per cent., but that this latter figure still included those who were out of work through weather, lack of material, and other causes not recognised in the British returns. The remarkable thing is that subsequent admissions show that the returns used by him gave figures which were far more strictly comparable, but unfortunately for Mr. Burns they were more favourable to the United States than those which he had quoted. Mr. Burns evidently mistakes figures for figures of speech.

THE CITY.

A GOOD many people will have anything but a pleasant Easter holiday this year. For though there were few failures on the Stock Exchange, and those small ones, the losses during the account must have been tremendous. Happily the small operators were frightened out a fortnight ago, and the bulls who clung on to their Americans in the hope of a rally were few and, comparatively speaking, rich men. It is no secret that some of the biggest firms on the Stock Exchange have had to seek assistance. Big firms have big clients, and a drop of 30 points in Union Pacifics during one account is a strain on the longest purse. We surmise, therefore (because we do not know), that many of the best firms of brokers were informed in good time before the settlement that many of their clients could not meet their differences, and that they made their arrangements with the banks. Nothing else can explain the apparent ease and outward calm of the settlement. It will be remembered that the first sharp fall came almost immediately after the mid-March settlement, so that people had ample warning, and time to make their plans. The Stock Exchange and the banks can get over any difficulty, provided you give them time. What creates a real panic is the sudden happening of an untoward event. On the afternoon of pay-day (Wednesday) the rebound of prices was in some cases violent, Union Pacifics rising 5½, to 138½, and Canadian Pacifics rising 6, to 174½.

But it would be a great mistake to imagine that we have seen the end of the weakness. The wounded have been hurried off the field by night and are being nursed by friendly hands. Some of them will die, all the same. To drop metaphor, there is no getting away from the fact that in the last month hundreds of millions of pounds have been lost, and that loss cannot be so easily or so soon replaced. It is very difficult to estimate, even approximately, the amount of actual loss, because, when people talk of hundreds of millions, it is mere guess-work. A great deal of the loss is undoubtedly mere matter of account, or a transference of money from Bull A to Bear B. This, of course, applies to the speculative accounts, where no stock passed, but merely differences were paid. Still, there must have been some real selling of stock; and genuine holders, who did not and have not sold, have had the value of their investments reduced grievously. The actual holder will no doubt recover a good deal of his loss, in time. But the upward movement of Wednesday was not maintained on Thursday, when prices of Americans again slipped back. People talk a great deal about bargains to be picked up in the American markets: and certainly, if the dividends are going to be maintained, Union Pacifics (10 per cent.) at 134 and Baltimore and Ohios (6 per cent.) at 97 are dirt cheap. But will those dividends be maintained? The Harrimans alone can tell us. We are rather afraid that, as the bond business is stopped, either revenues will be applied to betterments, or extensions will be abandoned, which will mean a diminution of traffic returns. In either event, dividends must be reduced. There is only one drop of comfort in all this, namely, that if trade slackens, money will become easier. As for Kaffirs, though the labour question is practically settled, nothing but increased dividends can put up prices in this market: and dividends can only be increased by a reduction of working-costs, which in its turn can only be effected by labour-saving appliances. The accounts of the distress in the Transvaal are most dismal—such are the fruits of war! On the whole, it is a good thing that the Stock Exchange is to be closed from Thursday night till Tuesday morning. A few days in Paris or by the seaside may restore the shattered nerves of brokers and their unhappy clients.

INSURANCE.

THE LIFE ASSURANCE BLUE-BOOK.

THE Blue-book which has just been issued by the Board of Trade gives the official records of the life assurance companies authorised to do business in this country. It is well known that the Life Assurance Companies Act of 1870 requires returns to be made in accordance with the schedules appended to the Act. In the evidence given before the House of Lords Committee it was made clear that the Insurance Department of the Board of Trade does not, and believes it cannot, insist upon compliance with the schedules. We are quite sure about the "does not", but it seems to us that the Board of Trade already has the power, if it chose to exercise it, of seeing that information is given in the proper form. It is to be hoped that when the Life Assurance Companies Acts are amended steps will be taken to secure not merely accurate and adequate returns, but also, as far as possible, that all the offices give the information on the same lines: uniformity in this respect is important for purposes of comparison and in certain details it is far from being observed at the present time.

Since most of the companies published months ago the accounts which are contained in the Blue-book, the principal interest of the publication is to be found in the summary of the accounts which it gives. With a few exceptions these accounts are for the year 1905, and the details about the assurances in force are still more out of date, since they are based upon the latest valuations of the companies, some of which were made five years ago.

The summaries refer to English and Scottish companies only, and do not include the British business of American and colonial offices. The entire business, whether in this country or elsewhere, of the British offices is included in the table. It will be seen, therefore, that they do not constitute an accurate record of the life assurance business of the United Kingdom. The figures of the Ordinary and Industrial companies are given separately: eighty-six offices are included in the former class, and eighteen in the latter.

The total assets of the Ordinary companies amount to £349,112,933. Of this total about 27 per cent. consists of mortgages, 20 per cent. is invested in debentures, 12 per cent. in shares and stocks, 10 per cent. in loans on rates, 8 per cent. in property and ground rents, 5 per cent. is lent on the security of policies, and 5 per cent. consists of agents' balances, outstanding interest, and other items not yielding interest. The nature of these investments is very different from what it was five-and-twenty years ago, when approximately half the total assets were invested in mortgages. Life offices have done well to extend the field for their investments, and the experience of recent years has been heavy depreciation in gilt-edged securities, and little or no fall in the value of other investments which in former times would have been regarded as unsuitable for life offices: this fact supplies a very convincing argument against any attempt to regulate by law the kind of investments which assurance companies may make.

The amount received in premiums was £25,332,993 by the Ordinary companies, and £11,619,303 by the Industrial offices. The expenditure amounted to 13·5 per cent. of the premiums in the former case, and 43·4 per cent. in the latter. These are somewhat lower percentages than have prevailed in some past years. In the Ordinary companies they are to a great extent due to the larger proportion of expensive policies, such as endowment assurances, as compared with earlier times. The rate of interest earned upon the Ordinary funds was £3 15*s*. 4*d*. per cent., a return which is practically identical with that of the previous year,

and a slight improvement upon the rates prevailing a few years back.

The total assurances in force under Ordinary policies amount to £713,491,783, of which 81·5 per cent. participate in profits. Endowment assurances account for more than 29 per cent. of the whole, as compared with only 6 per cent. twenty years ago. Industrial policies assure in the aggregate £251,553,949, the average amount of each policy being about £10.

It needs a detailed reference to the returns of the individual companies to see how well the affairs of most of them are managed, and how true it is that "there is nothing in the financial world which approaches even remotely the security of a well-established life office".

THE SHOWING OF THE PASSION AND RESURRECTION.

THERE are, according to Aristotle, two ways of "imitating"—that is, of representing in art—great and serious actions, and the characters of good and great men. One is the narrative or "epic" method, the other the dramatic. Both of these have their place in religious worship. If the Eucharist is, under one important aspect, a tragedy in which the Lord's death is "shown", the services of Holy Week and Easter, with their daily recitation of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer, and of His victory over death, are a performance of the Christian epos. The subject or motive is the same. In its universalised form, as a law or principle of human life, the truth enshrined in these acts of worship is this: that the Divine life, spiritual, corporate, indestructible, is realised through that kind of self-sacrifice which is the only way to self-enrichment, namely, in the acceptance by the individual, as an act of love and obedience, of the collective burden of humanity. That which the Son of God may be said to have done once for all, we, creatures of a day, can only imitate by constant repetition.

The Passion and Resurrection of Christ, in their universal aspect, are rather a repudiation of death than a promise of resuscitation. This became clearer to the Christian Church, as the delusive hope of a return of Christ to earth, and of a reign of the saints, faded away. In S. John's Gospel we find this view of the closing scenes in the life of Jesus already dominant. The leit-motiv of the last chapters, the third section of the Gospel, is what he calls "the glory"—the triumph of Christ through self-chosen suffering. And, after his manner, the evangelist gives us the whole doctrine in connexion with a "sign", the raising of Lazarus, which marks the climax and termination of the second part of the Gospel. The bearing of this narrative on the Easter message is so often missed that it may be worth while to indicate what seems to be S. John's intention. We observe first that when the sisters suggest that Christ should hasten to the bedside of their sick brother, He deliberately defers His journey for two days, until Lazarus is dead, and then takes four days more to reach Bethany. Martha is convinced that if He had come sooner, her brother would not have died, and that "even now" any request made by Him to God would be granted. Jesus replies, "Thy brother shall rise again"; to which Martha replies, as nine out of ten Christians would reply to-day, "I know that he shall rise again at the resurrection, at the last day". Now it is a characteristic of the conversations with Christ recorded in this Gospel that the hearer almost invariably misunderstands the first words of Jesus, which are afterwards expounded. We may therefore be sure that Martha's reply was not what she ought to have said. The next words, "I am the resurrection and the life", are spoken as a correction of Martha's reference to the last day. Nor does it appear that Martha was intended to take the words as a promise of the coming miracle; for the next answer of Christ has no reference to the miracle, and would be equally valid without it. Just as in chapter vi. the multiplication of the loaves is ignored in the discourse about the bread of life, so here the solemn words, "I am the resurrection and the life", have no reference to the recall of Lazarus to continue his earthly course. In both cases Jesus points to Himself—there as the Bread of Life, and here as the Resurrection and the Life. When we hear these words at the church door, at the opening of our fine burial service, we do not think of them as the prelude of a miracle. So interpreted, indeed, the words would bring no comfort to the mourner. We most of us take them in the sense of Martha's statement. "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day." But this, as we have said, seems to be a superficial interpretation, which Christ wished to supplement, and even to correct. It is true that the Johannine Christ speaks of "the last day", and promises a future resurrection. Martha may have heard the phrase from His lips. But now, in the hour of her bereavement, He has a tenderer and stronger message for her, one more full of present comfort than the promise of a new life after the end of the world. We miss the best part of this message if we do not give their full force to the words, "he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die". The Resurrection, thus regarded, is not a doctrine, but a fact; not a future hope, but a present possession; not a favour that Christ has to ask from another, but a personal communication of Himself. The Incarnation, for S. John, carries with it the necessity of the Resurrection; by taking humanity into Himself, the Divine Word revealed the indestructibility of man's personal life. Death is robbed of its sting by the fact that Christ lives, and is the life of the individual believer. Although death is allowed to preserve the outward semblance of triumph, tearing loved ones apart, mocking our hopes for ourselves and others, and outraging our tenderest affections, this triumph is only an appearance. Death is not even an interruption of a life to be one day resumed. The dead are alive in the spiritual world, under conditions unknown to us; their continued life is bound up with His life who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Such is the Johannine doctrine of the Resurrection. Does it make the physical miracle, which follows, something of an anticlimax, a thing to be half-regretted, like the restitution of Job's large fortune, and his flourishing family by his second marriage? And do we sometimes feel the same about the Easter miracle itself? It is not the intention of the fourth evangelist that we should think thus. Nothing was further from his purpose than to write a theosophical romance, in which the historical Christ was to be sublimated into an allegory. If philosophy is content with the general and universal, religion demands a concrete and particular basis. The revelation of a spiritual law seems to be incomplete unless it is fully set out in action as well as in idea. Such, at least, is the conclusion to which we are led by the history of religion and religions; and human nature does not seem to have changed much in this respect. Although S. John could say, "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren", that argument for personal immortality is very closely bound up with the supreme acts of the Founder of the Christian brotherhood, who gave them their new commandment, and enriched the world with the knowledge that love is an essential attribute of its Creator.

In spite, then, of the growing tendency to turn this season into a protracted Bank Holiday, it is unlikely that sincere Christians will ever fail to see the propriety of "showing the Lord's death" and Resurrection, first in what we have called the "epic" manner, in Holy Week, and then in what to Aristotle also appeared the still higher "dramatic" manner — in the Easter Eucharist. W. R. INGE.

CHARDIN AND RUSKIN.

IN the exhibition now at Whitechapel there is a study by Watteau which is one of the most exquisite among all the exquisite drawings by that master. It is a portrait, not merely a study from life; the portrait of a lady looking at us from under her hood, with light filling the transparent shadow over her face, suggested with that dainty clearness which Watteau's chalks alone could manage. For once we feel that the

artist's feeling is engaged, not only the fine interest of his eye. So often his adorable ladies are merely toys in the dreamland of his mind; he allows them to say nothing to us for themselves. Watteau never really belongs to the world he depicts. But here is a woman whose life has touched his own and held it in its charm: her thoughts occupy him even more than her attitude or her dress. French art of the eighteenth century is for the most part determined not to look deeply into life; its very fascination is that it is so complete in its fastidious detachment from the serious emotions and devastating passions. Chardin is an exception. He, too, is remote from passion as from action; but he paints with intimate feeling what his eye loves. Brought up to attempt the cold mythologies of decoration, he soon wearied of being ambitious and heroic, and found his poetry in the kitchen. Nowhere, surely, are there more perfect examples of his art than the two companion pictures of "A Man making Wine" and "A Girl cleaning a Frying-pan", lent to Whitechapel by the Hunterian Museum of Glasgow. Like all great colourists, he uses few colours; but to what wonderful use he puts them! He knows how to make a patch of red a pure delight by opposition of greys and whites, and in the second of these pictures the tones of white make up a marvel of beauty. Modern painters have taught us how ugly oil-pigment can be; Chardin shows what delicious texture it is capable of. He has "an indescribable gusto" in the use of his materials, and with this an unfailing choiceness, which is what distinguishes him from the best of his Dutch predecessors—that, and a finer-bred humanity. He is able to single out and dwell on the inherent beauty in shape or colour of homely things without losing atmosphere and feeling by abstracting a pattern for his design; his choice is never too fastidious, yet he never puts too much into his picture. One would have thought, with all the skill in painting there has been in the world, that every country would have had not one Chardin but many, so simple are his subjects, so obvious to all. But skill is the least thing that counts in art; and Chardin is alone. An imitation of him by a Swedish painter (many of the Frenchman's pictures having gone to Sweden) is lent by Sir Charles Dilke, and shows us how easily the charm can escape. And Chardin himself can fail, and fall far below his best.

There are some other things among the French pictures and drawings at Whitechapel which add to the pleasure of a visit, though of course it is not a representative collection, and does not pretend to be so. The rare work of the brothers Le Nain is always interesting, and there are three examples here; the finest being the Duke of Sutherland's "Children listening to an Old Piper", to which the name of Louis Le Nain is given. It has been suggested, as the catalogue notes, that the foreign artist known to have taught these brothers was a Spaniard. Certainly the choice of subject recalls the studies of peasants and beggar-boys made by the youthful Velazquez; in fact, early drawings of this kind by the great Spaniard may now be passing under the name of Le Nain.

The upper floor of the gallery is devoted to contemporary British art. Among these pictures is Mr. A. E. John's "Merikli", which has improved with time, though it is only a few years ago that it was shown at the New English Art Club. Mr. John has, so far as I know, never surpassed this painting of a gipsy woman with flowers on her lap; and in our recent art it would be difficult to match it for vigour and intensity of colour, for live drawing and powerful design. It would be interesting to see what was bought for the Chantrey Bequest in the year that this was exhibited; I cannot at the moment remember. Another English picture which to me is one of the most impressive works of these last years is the "Don Juan and the Statue" by Mr. Ricketts. The gift of dramatic imagination is so rare among painters that this alone would give it a place apart. Though there is a Whistler nocturne and a fair number of really interesting works by living men in this modern section, among a good deal of commonplace, it is above all with the Chardins in one's mind that one comes away. It happened to be a gusty cold grey day, with a harsh air and rain beginning, when I was last in Whitechapel; not weather to lend enchantment to the scene. When London wears her proper veil of haze and blueness, and distances of mean streets assume the magic of this atmosphere, one can afford to be Whistlerian and, forgetting all further realities, banquet on the sense of vision. But a daylight that reveals without illuminating a bald and literal greyness, with pricking irritations from the wind—this is a fine stimulant to one's consciousness of the incongruous and the squalid. There are acres of suburbs and semi-suburbs that are far more depressing than Whitechapel, for Whitechapel has character, if only from its population; and as one thinks of those interminable rows of featureless houses and of their interiors, and wonders who were the men that planned and built them, and in what recesses of what fearful brain were thought out all the miraculous uglinesses elaborated on wall-papers and hangings and fireplaces, one cannot help crying "What a futility is our Art, and all our talk about it, when we build and design and decorate like this!" From this waste and grime and meanness and pretentiousness the world of Chardin, with its neat rooms and spotless utensils, its well-baked loaves, its good wine, and its sensible people, seems like heaven. On such bleak and hostile days as I describe one becomes a passionate Ruskinian. It was a propitious mood, then, for making a pilgrimage to Bond Street, where at the Fine Art Society's Ruskin's drawings are being shown. The exhibition displays Ruskin's gift as a draughtsman very completely; from the maps coloured by his boyish hand, and the studies of architecture so entirely in the manner of Prout, to the water-colours of all kinds which show his mature skill and style. What strikes at once is the complete absence of amateurishness, the real mastery in drawing of the most difficult subjects. The studies from S. Mark's and from sculpture on French cathedrals are comparable to the work in this kind of Alfred Stevens; they far excel in delicacy and precision the picturesque convention of Prout. But exquisite draughtsman and accomplished water-colourist as Ruskin was, he had little of the true artist's synthetic faculty and instinct. He is least successful where, as in the "San Miniato" drawing, he attempts a complete work of art. But why should we demand of him what we expect from the normal artist, or complain because, with that wonderful sight of his, he works his passion for fine detail beyond its proper foreground boundaries? It is just the stimulating power of this strange minutely-seeing vision that compensates to us for the absence of other powers. There is a large drawing here of a Swiss town which is nothing but six leaves of a sketch-book joined together, just as they were, with no after-work. It is, in its way, a miracle. Your pedantic Impressionist will cry out against its method and effect; but I find it wholly delightful, it is Ruskin doing delightedly what scarce anyone else has done since Dürer. It is indeed of some of Dürer's water-colours that Ruskin most reminds us, if of anybody. The exhibition is one which everyone should see, and most will be glad to linger in.

I wrote just now of Chardin's gift for getting a rare beauty out of the medium of oil paint. The gift has been less rare in our English school than in the French. Bonington, whom France has half a claim to, is too often hard and glittering; but in Messrs. Shepherds' spring exhibition there is a picture of his which is of quite unusual quality, both in surface and in colouring, with its original design of white ruin—a Norman Abbey—against a white sky. In the same gallery is a real genuine Crome, so genuine that few will believe in it. What is expected of Crome, and provided by his host of imitators, is a fringe of oak-trees on a common with docks and thistles in the foreground. What we have here is a mountain scene, a bare shoulder of crag towering up into cloud, some huge boulders, and two goats. This is Crome as he painted in his youth, painting what he loved. It is grand, solitary, moving; no wonder his public was afraid of it and forced him into more intelligible ways. This is the finest Crome I have seen for a long time. Turner, and Turner alone, could be as majestic and as simple. There are other paintings in this gallery which I should like to write of, but can only mention the very interesting

Charles I. on horseback, which, I agree with Messrs. Shepherd, is one of Gainsborough's splendid copies after Van Dyck. One such copy I have seen in the house of Mr. Gardiner, Gainsborough's descendant, and my remembrance of it confirms this impression. The copies after Rembrandt at Hampton Court are well known. LAURENCE BINYON.

TIP-CAT.

ANOTHER record broken: two in one week: marvellous! Tennyson once declared his fear that England would in the end go down through babble. We are not sure England is not likelier to go down through games. The old idea, a good and right one, of a game being, in the true sense of the word emphasised by Trench, a re-creation, seems with the bulk of English people to-day to be practically obsolete. Forty millions—mostly fools, said Carlyle; it would have been at least as true to say forty millions—mostly watchers and critics of games. But there are moments of exasperation when the two propositions appear identical. The flannelled fool and the muddied oaf do not exhaust the list of the persistent idlers who simply live to see and talk about games, to read of them in every newspaper they pick up, to bet about them, to dream about them, to swear about them, and to play them. Far from it. There are a dozen games to-day on which, at a rough estimate, at least a quarter of the entire population of the British islands—we are not quite sure we should not say the British Empire—concentrates its best energies. One game-craze gone off, another quickly replaces it. Ping-pong enthralled the whole of the middle class and a large section of the upper class for months; how it is the great heart of the British people has never taken kindly to tip-cat, it is hard to understand. No one can watch the little boys in the London streets at the present time playing tip-cat (which has revived in street-arab circles) without noticing that it requires a good deal of neatness and quickness to tip the cat smartly once it has been flipped into the air. Tip-cat parties would really be rather a refreshing change from, let us say, card parties where the grand result of the evening's play may be the winning of a handful of mother-of-pearl counters which the winner has to return to his hostess at the close. We are not certain that tip-cat does not compare rather well with progressive bridge: there is at any rate some salt of danger in it, danger to the eye. Marbles, too, surely offer a new and unexplored world of excitement to the game-crazy classes. There is considerable nicety exercised in filliping them. The game-crazy man however need not actually play. He is often well content if he can read and talk and bet and dream half his life about the wonderful performances of the players. Just now he is tremendously excited and happy, for the billiard break record has been broken. There must be quite half a million people in England alone to-day who are intensely interested in the wonderful performance of the very latest record-breaker in billiards. Astute newspapers have been devoting a large part of their posters to the announcement of how the latest billiard champion coaxed the balls into anchor-cannon position and made a break of four or five thousand, perhaps more —we cannot really recall the exact figures. There has been nothing so staggering to their humanity since Ives jammed the billiard balls in the mouth of the pocket, and with unending kiss-cannons beat Roberts. Next to a sensational murder there is nothing to bring in the pennies and halfpennies of the public more surely than a sensational game; and sensational indeed it is that a man should be able to make two or three thousand consecutive baby-cannons, as for the matter of that so it would be, we suppose, if a small boy in the street were able to win two thousand marbles consecutively, or to tip the cat that number of times without a single failure.

We have no wish to crab the cradle-stroke glory of the new champion at the billiard table. It does prove a fineness, a delicacy of touch and an exactness which are wonderful in their way. But the vast to-do and waste of time and energy which any record-making of the kind leads to are quite lamentable. All the talk and thought and writing which achievements and records in games result in are, largely, wasted energy. Who of the people that "follow" these things with feverish, almost frantic, zeal are a whit the wiser, the wealthier, the healthier for their game-craziness? Games played as games we heartily approve of; and we are always glad to give space to them. Probably the saying that Waterloo was won on the Eton playing-fields is wrong; rather, Waterloo was won because Napoleon was no longer at the height of his genius, because Grouchy and he between them muddled, and because Blucher was a man of his word. But none the less the playing of games, vigorous outdoor games and sports, has undoubtedly done a good deal to make the Englishman what he is to-day in physique and spirit; whilst there is plenty to be said in favour of indoor games—billiards certainly amongst other games—played and discussed with some restraint. Unhappily there is less and less restraint. It would not be such a bad thing if some day in the week, say a Wednesday, were set apart as a day on which to abstain from games. Surely the British people could afford to put away its tops and marbles one day in the seven? But it would be worse than of no use unless the "sporting" papers abstained from appearing on that day too.

AN AFTERNOON WITH ÆSCHYLUS.

LAST Saturday the Literary Theatre Society gave a performance of "The Persians" at Terry's Theatre. The play was originally produced in Athens, some few years after the battle of Salamis. And I doubt not that, had I been alive then, I should have enjoyed it. To say that I enjoyed it last Saturday would be to make a too great demand on the good-will I bear for the Literary Theatre Society.

In writing about the performances of Mr. Gilbert Murray's translations, I have more than once explained why, in my opinion, Greek drama is a thing incompatible with the modern theatre—an art-form which in the modern theatre is bound to bore even those persons who go determined to rave about it; and I have upheld the Bradfield method as the sole method of making Greek drama truly impressive and delightful. But there are, of course, various degrees in which Greek drama as acted in a modern theatre may bore us. Some of the Greek plays are less remote than others from modern drama. Such a play as the "Electra" is less remote than "The Trojan Women", and I found the production of it accordingly less tedious. Unfortunately, "The Persians" is as remote as can be. It is simply a sequence of dirges. I am sure the Attic audience enjoyed immensely these dirges supposed to be uttered by the enemy over whom Athens had so recently triumphed. Nor was their enjoyment merely in the sense of martial superiority. They must have enjoyed the consciousness of their magnanimity in being able to enter into the feelings of the vanquished, and to regard those feelings as a theme worthy of high tragic art. If we, in this our day, had had an Æschylus to write a tragedy around the humiliation of the Boers, we should not have gone to the trouble of granting a constitution to the Transvaal: the popular success of that tragedy would have fully satisfied our hankering after the "beau geste". But I doubt whether a translation of that tragedy would be a popular success in a foreign land and in the fortieth century or so. In fact I am sure it would bore even the most superior person. For a precisely similar reason "The Persians" bores you and me. Nor does the manner in which it is translated, and acted, and mounted, help to make vivid its revival. The Greek dramatists happened to be poets, and no translation which does not preserve their poetry can be very helpful to us. Mr. Gilbert Murray, a poet, does provide a substitute for the poetry of Euripides, thus somewhat gilding the pill of Greek drama in a modern theatre. In the plays of Æschylus the poetry is even more essential to us than in the plays of Euripides, because Euripides was more dramatic, and also more modern; and in none of Æschylus' plays can the poetry be less well dispensed with than in "The

Persians". Mr. B. J. Ryan is, I presume, not a poet: else he would not have written his translation in prose. His prose is quite dignified, and is certainly much more welcome than sham poetry would be. But Mr. Ryan will not, I am sure, be offended when I hint that his prose, at its best, is a very poor substitute for Æschylus' poetry. Nor was it improved by the fashion in which the mimes recited it. They were desperately determined to be in the grand manner. And their notion of the grand manner was that peculiarly false notion which haunts all English mimes when they are snatched away from their performances of realistic modern drama. They seem to think that what they have to do is to enunciate every word as though it were their last, giving each syllable as though it were the only syllable, and then pausing so long that the next word comes as a shock to our nerves. If only we could give them a shock to *their* nerves! Their impassiveness is really too exasperating. On they drone, staring vacantly into space, with never a hint that the words spoken by them are words of force and meaning, or even that the characters played by them are supposed to be live men and women. Of course, realism would be a mistake. We want the grand manner. But the grand manner is a thing quite remote from the vacuous and tedious manner which I have been describing, and which we all know so well, but which has never been so awfully exemplified as last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Robert Farquharson, as the Messenger, must be excepted from my indictment. He rushed to the opposite extreme of realism. He panted and writhed and gasped as though he really had been running hard for many miles. He was very un-Æschylean, but he was certainly more Æschylean than anyone else in the cast, for he spoke his words as though they meant something. Interminably long though his speech was, he never lost his grip of it; and in the whole afternoon it was the one thing that was not monotonous—the one thing that distracted our attention from the scenery and the dresses designed by Mr. Ricketts. It goes without saying that these were interesting and beautiful in themselves: Mr. Ricketts could not accomplish anything ugly or uninteresting. But he proves himself beyond all dispute capable of accomplishing things which cannot be brought into relation with the spirit of Greek drama. It is right that the scenery and the dresses should be simple and austere. But the mysterious, romantic simplicity and austerity aimed at by Mr. Ricketts, and by him perfectly achieved, is surely quite wrong. A classic clarity and breadth of effect is what is needed to match the spirit of Greek tragedy. Mr. Ricketts transports us into a dim little corner of a dreamland. It is an enchanted, enchanting place, and we are delighted to find ourselves there. But there is one among us who stretches his arms, and stamps his feet, and tries to pull down the beautiful sombre curtains that hem us in on all sides, and shouts for a little light and air and space. Who is this choleric and unmannerly creature? It must be Æschylus.

With "The Persians" was performed "A Miracle", a short symbolic play by Mr. Granville Barker; and herein Mr. Ricketts found material far more appropriate to his method. "The scene represents the top room in a turret-tower." Thus an effect of space in the room itself would be obviously wrong; and, though top rooms in turret-towers have usually a certain amount of light and air, the quality of the play itself demands a setting of mysticism. There dwells in the tower a saintly woman whose heart is full of love for the whole world; but she is not beautiful, and no one loves her. There comes to her a very beautiful woman, who, though she is much loved, neither loves anyone nor cares for anything in the whole world, and is going to die by reason of her utter listlessness. It is in vain that the saint tries to infuse love into her, and she presently dies. The saint prays that she herself may die instead, and that her own loving soul may pass into the body of this beautiful woman and restore her to life. And the prayer is granted. Dramatically, and philosophically, this idea is worked out with great skill. But the actual words in which it is written have not the naïf magic that is needed. I wish Mr. Barker would write it all over again, in much simpler language. Then the little play would be a thing of real beauty. Miss Winifred Fraser played the saint very fervidly and prettily, but ought to have made herself less comely.

MAX BEERBOHM

THE TRESPASS IN HONOUR.

YOU have found a seat in the middle compartment of the railway carriage. You are alone. In front and behind you the other compartments are empty; not a soul in them. It is not only solitude but peace; and you congratulate yourself on the good fortune which has saved you from the presence of your fellow travellers. Fond illusion. A creature in the shape of a man is now making for your carriage. He sees you and he sees the empty compartment on either side of you. He looks at each, evidently in doubt which to enter. Unless the man is an idiot surely he will be as glad to avoid you as you would be to get rid of him and will go into one of the empty compartments. But no; he is an idiot—one of the gregarious class: a human sheep who is drawn by mere animal instinct to anyone, no matter who, belonging to his species. He makes for your compartment and enters, and as you cannot help yourself you must put on an indifferent face, though all the time you are fuming and longing to kick him out. If he knows anything, he must know what you are feeling. If he had been in your place he would have felt the same, for everybody does. What is the reason then? Is it a kind of fascinated blundering, like the moth's round the light, or insolence which takes pleasure in offending and, knowing that you want a certain thing, has a malicious and gratuitous pleasure in thwarting you? You are in a restaurant at a table by yourself. As no one you know is with you, your one satisfaction is that at least there is nobody you do not know to gêner you. You look round and see other empty tables. That is good: no need to fear an intrusive stranger dropping in on you uninvited and taking a seat opposite to you or by your side. But that is just what happens. Some member of the degenerate family to which the railway idiot belongs comes in, passes by all the empty tables, and plants himself at your table of all the tables in the room. We will not suppose that he then begins to talk to you; that is a depth of depravity we prefer not to contemplate; but he may. If he belongs to a decent club (we hope he does not) he has been guilty of this execrable feat of bad manners there. You cannot turn him out of the restaurant; but the offence ought to ensure his expulsion from any self-respecting club.

Everybody has had these experiences and must have wondered what the explanation can be. Do these people grudge you what you have simply because you have it, and want a share of it from pure greed? Instinctive, unconscious selfishness we are inclined to think is the explanation. There are as good seats vacant in the railway carriage, or at the restaurant or club as your own, but these will not do for them. They seem to think that what somebody else has already chosen must be better and they are greedy and envious, and instinctively want as much of it as they can get. They are like children or dogs. Perhaps it may be said the man already congratulating himself on having got the seat he likes is only showing the same greed in another way. Granted that he is: what of that? The national manners and conscience allow it. Every Englishman likes to be alone and have things to himself. If he cannot choose his company, he would rather have none. Englishmen are proud of the national idiosyncrasy; yet here comes one who knowing all this pays it no deference but sets the national tradition at defiance and forces his intrusive presence on you. Why does this de-nationalised Englishman, when he may be as solitary as you wish to be yourself, not act as every true Englishman ought and go into the next carriage or take a seat at the other side of the room as far away as he can get from you? By all acknowledged laws of English intercourse he ought as much to dislike being near you as you dislike to be near him. You are both strangers; you neither of you know nor want to know the other, and yet he, just as if he did, will

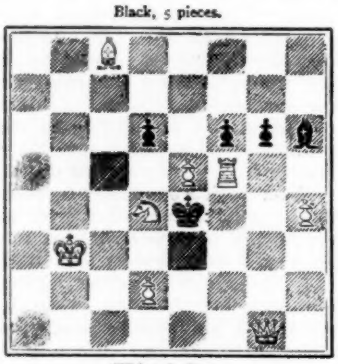
put himself into bodily contact with you and inconvenience both. Even a crowd would be more tolerable than this embarrassing individual and personal presence thrust upon you with an air of intimacy and closeness that is a coarse burlesque of the real intimacies of friendship or of family. We have done our best to explain the gross conduct of these ill-mannered intruders on our privacy but we feel there is something far too inexplicable and deep-rooted for analysis. All we are sure about is that they are justly detested by all right-minded Englishmen; and we only wish notices to that effect were put up in all railway carriages, restaurants and clubs; with the warning that all offenders might be haled before a magistrate and cast into prison without the option of a fine. As it is, the offence is so much the more egregious that the victim has no legal protection. He has no legal right to his room, therefore you can intrude on it with your company without committing a legal trespass; but it is essentially a trespass in honour. A gentleman will therefore avoid it with all the punctilio with which he discharges a debt of honour.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 111. By F. FRIDLIZIUS.

(From "The Chess Player's Scrap Book.")

Black, 5 pieces.



White, 8 pieces.

White mates in three moves.

As soon as the present match for the championship of the world is decided, it is well known that Carl Schlechter, the winner of the last International Tournament at Ostend, will issue a challenge for the title. Since Dr. Tarrasch now declares he does not want it, and Herr Maroczy withdrew so ignominiously last year, the Austrian is the only man who could find support in such an enterprise. While his record in tournaments may be said to be only moderate, chess-players recognise in him one of the giants of the game, who has suffered more than any other from that lack of ambition, without which it is impossible to make that supreme effort which secures highest honours. The following game, which was played in the recent tournament held at Vienna, shows how quickly he utilises the slightest advantage:—

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING.

White Schlechter	Black Maroczy	White Schlechter	Black Maroczy
1. P–Q4	P–Q4	2. Kt–KB3	P–QB4

Though the pawn cannot be taken with advantage, we have before pointed out that there is something unnatural about offering it.

3. P–K3	P–K3	9. B–Q3	B–Kt2
4. P–B4	Kt–KB3	10. P×P	B×P
5. P–QR3	Kt–B3	11. P–QKt4	B–Q3
6. Kt–B3	QP×Bᴾ	12. B–Kt2	Kt–K4
7. B×P	P–QR3	13. Kt×Kt	B×Kt(K5)
8. Castles	P–QKt4	14. P–B4	. . .

In forcing these exchanges, black must have thought that this continuation could not be effective on account of the weakness of the king's pawn, especially as white cannot follow it up with P–K4 on account of something like B–Kt3 ch., P–KR4, and Kt–Kt5.

14. . . .	B–B2	18. Kt–Q5	Kt×Kt
15. Q–K2	Castles	19. P×Kt	KR–K1
16. QR–Q1	Q–K2	20. P×P	B×P
17. P–K4	P–K4	21. B×Pch	. . .

It may seem strange to say that the only way to win here is by sacrificing; nevertheless anything else leaves the position equal.

21. . . .	K×B	25. R–Q3	Q–R2
22. Q–R5ch	K–Kt1	26. R–Kt3ch	K–R1
23. B×B	P–B3	27. Q–B3	Q–B7
24. B×P	P×B	28. Q–Kt4	Resigns

CORRESPONDENCE.

FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT AND THE TORY PARTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

House of Commons, 26 March, 1907.

SIR,—The inconstant politician who nevertheless remains constant in his perusal of your paper is prepared to weep, he tells us, for the Tory party should it tempt the polls again untied to apron-strings. "You stupid people", he wails, "Providence sends you a petticoat and you refuse to take shelter." Besides, women will vote for the Church, so the least you can do is to vote for women. He urges that this course is dictated alike by gratitude and commonsense: it is equally clear that it is demanded by opportunism and cowardice.

I look vainly for any indication from your correspondent suggesting that the Tory party should be guided in their action by considerations superior to the pursuit of votes. This is not the place to open up the main argument; and besides, I, whose stockishness he laments, speak only for myself; perhaps the majority of our party will yield before the promised drops have time to fall.

But I write, Sir, to ask of "Constant Reader" the causes of his political flitting? He "has the interests of the Church at heart" and yet it is the Tory party that has fought, worked, and voted for the Church inside of Parliament and out. He cries for simple justice to English womanhood, yet he elopes with a party from whom these simple creatures have little sympathy and less to expect, leaving that to which they are now turning to bite its thumb at this dismal deceiver.

No, Sir, J. S. Mill once upon a time placarded the Tories as stupid; and "Constant Reader" took fright at the poster. The remark is a popular quotation with the would-seem wise, and is always a pleasant Radical resort in time of dialectical trouble. I must imagine that your correspondent in his desire to escape the stigma set off one night from his old political homestead, and, in the hurry of his vanity, forgot to bring away his convictions. Hence his anxiety concerning his ancient attachment; as the prodigal son, one may suppose, in his wanderings worried sometimes over the fate of an abandoned canary.

I will confess also, Mr. Editor, to a suspicion founded on the logic, consistency, inconstancy and tears of your correspondent, that "once a Tory" has always been—a woman.

I am, yours obediently,

"A MEMBER".

"IRISH PROTESTANT UNIONISTS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your references to the Unionist cause are uniformly so fair it may seem ungracious to refer to an observation made in your review columns on page 333 (16 March), but I cannot but think it was written without due consideration. I refer to the remark as to "the Protestant Unionists who have been too fond of decrying

their own country". Presumably you allude more particularly to the questions put in the House by Irish Unionist members relative to outrages, boycotting and intimidation now so rife in Ireland. If so, allow me to point out that this is about the only means we Unionists have of bringing before the English public those mean and detestable crimes. The Government apparently do not want those facts brought out, but we who suffer from this form of outrage desire our friends over the water to know that all is not as the Radical speakers represent it. Following up this policy of concealment of facts the Government would wish the people of England to believe that we here are living in halcyon days. We know better from sad experience, but surely it is hard that our friend the SATURDAY REVIEW should denounce us for making the truth known. Yours obediently,

A PROTESTANT UNIONIST.

COPYRIGHT AND COPY-WRONG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the Ruskin copyright controversy you always appear to assume that the only remedy is for the publishers who have legally acquired a right to forego this right.

It seems to me that the proper remedy would be for the holders of the copyright to allow others to publish the book with its latest revisions on payment of a royalty.

This remedy would be fair to both sides, one side giving up the right to publish an imperfect book, the other side giving up its exclusive right of publication, but receiving a royalty for so doing.

Yours, &c.,

C.

[Our correspondent is not correct about our attitude. We know that the right remedy is such a strengthening of the law of copyright as shall make these things impossible henceforth. We notice that Messrs. Hutchinson are announcing in their new catalogue an edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species". We should be glad to know whether this is a reprint of the final and revised edition, or whether it is a reprint of one of the old, discarded editions, like those of Ruskin which Mr. Dent and Messrs. Routledge are publishing.—ED. S.R.]

LOAN EMIGRATION FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cathedine, Burley-in-Wharfedale, near Leeds.
23 March, 1907.

SIR,—Last year you were good enough to publish a letter from me appealing for contributions for my Loan Emigration Fund. The response made by your readers to that appeal was such that I am encouraged to send you a further account of the undertaking. During last year 400 emigrants were sent to Canada. To some of these I made a loan, while others asked only for a situation, which I was able to obtain for them. Last summer, when I was for four months in Canada, my son and I visited many of the Provinces, from Quebec to Vancouver, for the purpose of investigating the condition of our settlers, and of obtaining a first-hand acquaintance with the problems that face the immigrant.

Many of our visits were totally unexpected by the settlers themselves, yet in every case we found our immigrant in good health and good spirits, fully contented with his work, and a remarkable contrast to what he had been before his departure.

The repayment of the loans has gone on satisfactorily, but I greatly wish to extend the system to the wives and children of those who have already gone out. For this purpose, however, increased funds are essential. In many cases part of the cost of passage is contributed by the men themselves, but they are compelled to apply to me for an additional loan to cover the remaining expenses. The Emigration Societies can give me no help through lack of funds, and at the same time I know of many situations suitable for the many applicants who come to me.

Donations from the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be gratefully and promptly acknowledged if sent to the above address.

Yours obediently,

(MRS.) EDITH M. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

"MUSIC AMONG THE ARTS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 March, 1907.

SIR,—Will you allow me to suggest that Mr. Arthur Symons might easily have discovered a more appropriate (and could not have discovered a less appropriate) stick with which to beat the British public than either the Promenade Concerts or the barrel-organ (p. 361)? There is no popular half of a Promenade programme, and last year among the best "houses" were those which attended the Friday Beethoven nights. The barrel-organ is the delight of the lower classes, not of the middle classes. The latter form the nucleus of the Promenade audiences, who only in recent years have come to be catered for by Mr. Henry Wood and Mr. Robert Newman, to whom music in London owes more than to any pair of human beings, living or dead. All honour to them. Yours,

GAMBA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Margate, 23 March, 1907.

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. Symons is mistaken in calling Brahms an Hungarian in his article in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW on "Music among the Arts"? Brahms was an Hamburger, and is usually considered an essentially and typically German composer. The well-known Hungarian dances belong quite to his lighter work, and were merely thrown off as jeux d'esprit.

Again, Mr. Symons mentions a venerable rustic, aged eighty-six, who purports to have heard "Lohengrin" in London in his youth. "Lohengrin" was, however, only produced in London in 1877, at which period Mr. Symons' friend must have been a well-matured youth of nearly sixty.

Your obedient servant,

C. T.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 March, 1907.

SIR,—"Gamba" is quite right in his rectifications, and I am obliged to him for having taken the trouble to make them. Hungarian for German was, of course, no more than a slip of the pen, but does not in any case affect the argument. Read German for Hungarian (or, if you please, Liszt for Brahms), and the contrast remains the same. And, as an instance of the appeal of music, is not thirty years as good a test of memory as fifty or seventy or any other given number?

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE ROBERTSON RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 26 March, 1907.

SIR,—May I point out that, in my opinion, Mr. Robertson's rule, though imperfect, is preferable to the "unauthorised" (if I may so say) version as set out by you, for you give no value to the 10, and it seems to be ridiculous to assess a queen at three times the value of a knave. I also think it a mistake to lay so much stress on passing a good hand in the hope of dummy declaring a particular colour. The Gordian knot of bridge with five master cards is your own hand, not

Dummy's. Such a hand should seldom if ever be passed. With

Hearts—ace, king, 7, 4
Diamonds—ace, king, queen, 4
Clubs—9, 7
Spades—7, 6, 5

you and Mr. Robertson both plump for No Trumps. Is not though the declaration open to question? If you are nearly out, diamonds would seem the best solution. If you are not, hearts. For in the latter case, supposing the adversaries hold the club and spade strength you stop them; and if on the other hand the Dummy is master of those suits with 8 a trick you are certain of a long score. But No Trumps with two utterly weak suits and less than six master cards seems a cold plunge at the best. In this particular case it is almost certain the leader will open clubs or spades, of which the Dummy's numerical expectation is less than four and three cards respectively.

Yours, &c.,
HEARTS.

THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Stone, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.,
25 March, 1907.

SIR,—In Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham" there are two curious mistakes. In Vol. I., pages 84-85, Lafayette is said to have escaped with the help of English officers on the second Restoration: of course it was Lavalette, Napoleon's Postmaster-General, who so escaped. At page 222 of the same volume Napoleon is said to have brought Belgium under the rule of Holland. What this means I cannot imagine. In 1801 Belgium was formed into nine French Departments and became formally part, first of the French Republic, and then of the French Empire, whilst Holland after 1794-1795, first as the République Batave and then, until 1810, as the Royaume de Hollande, had an entirely separate existence. In 1810 Holland became part of the French Empire as so many Departments, but Napoleon never gave it the slightest control over Belgium.

Your obedient servant,
R. PHIPPS, Colonel, late R.A.

THE COURSE OF BRITISH TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fotheringhay House, Twickenham,
26 March, 1907.

SIR,—"S. R.'s" letter published by you on 23 March relates to my statements published 16 March, which were concerned solely with the course of trade during 1880-1906 in our imports and exports of manufactured goods.

"S. R." first says that it is only imports of manufactured goods for consumption in the United Kingdom "which can be regarded as entering into any sort of competition with British manufactures". And he disputes my Table I. because that table, following the Board of Trade (pages 341-2 of the second fiscal Blue Book), states our total imports of manufactured goods, including re-exports. "S. R." wholly ignores my statement that these imports do include our re-exports to the extent of £16,000,000 per year during 1891-1906, and "S. R." leads his readers to suppose that I omitted this qualification.

But "S. R." is mistaken in this his first statement.

If I had desired to show merely our imports of manufactured goods for consumption in the United Kingdom, it would be necessary to exclude re-exports. But "S. R." overlooks the fact that our largely increasing imports of manufactured goods not only compete with our goods in the United Kingdom, but also with our own exports of manufactured goods. And the increasing re-exports of manufactured goods are a proof of this. For example, take our biggest foreign customer, the United States, and you will find that the course of trade during 1880-1906 in British exports of all sorts has largely fallen, and that our re-exports of all sorts have largely risen. In other words we are becoming more an exchange-agent and less an actual producer.

As to ships. So far as the facts are recorded, namely during 1899-1906, there has been no increase "worth several millions per annum" as "S. R." asserts. Here are the facts for our exports of ships:—

	Million £		Million £
1899	9·2	1903	4·3
1900	8·6	1904	4·5
1901	9·1	1905	5·4
1902	5·9	1906	8·7

"S. R." goes on to say that I assume without evidence or proof that the labour-values of manufactures have not materially altered during 1880-1906. But I specifically stated that these labour-values have materially altered in the direction, as regards exports, that £100 of so-called British exports of manufactured goods now contain less British labour than in former years. And I gave the reason. It is not possible, within a letter, to give detailed proof of this. I have dealt with this matter in Chapter XIII. of my last book on trade. "S. R." is, of course, quite free to refuse to accept my statement, although it can easily be proved by investigation of trade records.

Then "S. R." says I ought to have included our invisible exports in my statement of our manufactured goods. This extraordinary claim has never been mooted even by the most captious opponent of Tariff Reform. But "S. R."—a zealous Tariff Reformer—makes the claim as one of his many criticisms of my letter. "S. R." ought to know that the proper place to consider invisible exports (and also invisible imports) is in striking a balance between all our imports and all our exports. I have devoted a long chapter to this matter, which is quite outside of the subject of my letter of 16 March.

"S. R." ignores the large fall in my Table II. in our so-called British exports of manufactured goods per 100 of our population, yearly. That one course of trade alone ought to open the eyes of "S. R."

"S. R." concludes this strange attack by a reference to my "methods" of dealing with the course of trade. If "S. R.'s" letter is to be regarded as an example of his methods, I prefer mine. And, anyhow, I possess the great satisfaction of having earned words of cordial appreciation of those same methods of mine from important Free Trade journals as well as from my own side. See the copies now sent for your inspection.

I am aware that my earnest endeavour to institute sounder statistical methods in this country than those in common use, that my insistence on showing the full course of trade or nothing, have given umbrage to some persons whose methods differ from mine and are much less laborious. I do not doubt "S. R.'s" sincerity as an adherent of Tariff Reform, but, after his most uncalled-for attack upon me, I cannot help feeling with deep regret that he has allowed some cause other than a single-hearted devotion to fiscal reform to bias him in his wholesale and abortive attack upon a fellow-soldier. It is not "cricket." Will "S. R." publish his name?

I am, Sir, yours truly,
JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

27 March, 1907.

P.S.—If you will kindly add this statement as a postscript to my letter written yesterday it will give to "S. R." the information he wants as to imports of manufactured goods less re-exports of manufactured goods. The facts for the single years 1880 and 1890 are stated on page 327 of the second fiscal blue-book, for total imports of manufactured goods and for re-exports. By finding the proportion between these two groups in 1880 and in 1890, one can interpolate by logarithms the proportion for the nine missing years 1881-1889. Then, by applying these proportions to the known results for total imports of manufactured goods, we can obtain the approximate re-exports. The latter are then deducted, and the net imports of manufactured goods for consumption in the United Kingdom can be summed as in my tables. This method is a close approximation to the actual, but unknown, results for

the nine missing years, as "S. R." will know, if he is accustomed to work of this sort. I may say that the above-mentioned proportions were 17·8 per cent. in 1880 and 17·5 in 1890—a small variation that increases the probability of accuracy.

Here are the final results:—

TABLE I.—*United Kingdom. Imports and Exports of Manufactured Goods, New Classification,* 1880–1906. *Yearly Averages during each Decade.*

(*Excluding Re-exports.*)

Decade.	Manufactured Goods. Average Yearly Value.		
	Imports.* A.	Exports.† B.	Net Exports. B – A.
	Million £	Million £	Million £
1880–1889	65·4	201·6	136·2
1881–1890	66·5	204·5	138·0
1882–1891	68·0	204·8	136·8
1883–1892	69·3	202·8	133·5
1884–1893	70·4	200·3	129·9
1885–1894	71·8	198·0	126·2
1886–1895	73·9	198·5	124·6
1887–1896	76·9	200·4	123·5
1888–1897	80·0	200·7	120·7
1889–1898	82·4	199·7	117·3
1890–1899	85·4	199·2	113·8
1891–1900	89·0	198·7	109·7
1892–1901	92·3	199·1	106·8
1893–1902	96·2	202·0	105·8
1894–1903	100·2	206·5	106·3
1895–1904	103·9	212·4	108·5
1896–1905	107·5	219·7	112·2
1897–1906	111·3	228·8	117·5
Course of trade.	A large and continuous rise.	A prolonged fall, with a rise at the end.	A prolonged fall, with slight recovery at the end.

* These are imports for consumption in the United Kingdom, re-exports having been deducted.

† These are "British" exports, excluding ships, not recorded until 1899.

TABLE II.—*United Kingdom. Imports and Exports of Manufactured Goods, New Classification,* 1880–1906. *Per* 100 *of our Population. Yearly Averages during each Decade.*

(*Excluding Re-exports.*)

Decade.	Manufactured Goods, per 100 of our Population. Average Yearly Value.		
	Imports. A.	Exports. B.	Net Exports. B–A.
	£	£	£
1880–1889	182	562	380
1881–1890	184	565	381
1882–1891	186	562	376
1883–1892	187	552	365
1884–1893	190	540	350
1885–1894	192	530	338
1886–1895	196	526	330
1887–1896	202	527	325
1888–1897	208	523	315
1889–1898	212	516	304
1890–1899	218	510	292
1891–1900	226	504	278
1892–1901	232	500	268
1893–1902	239	502	263
1894–1903	247	509	262
1895–1904	248	518	270
1896–1905	260	531	271
1897–1906	266	547	281
Course of trade.	A large and continuous rise.	A prolonged fall, with partial recovery at the end.	A large fall, with slight recovery at the end

(See notes to Table I.)

But these two tables, which exclude re-exports, do not show the extent to which our increasing re-exports of manufactured goods compete with British exports of manufactured goods. I have taken considerable trouble to get at these new results, in order to inform "S. R." You will see that, as in my Tables I. and II. of 16 March, which showed our total imports of manufactured goods, the course of trade is in the same direction, namely, a large fall in our net exports, whether one looks at the actual value, or at the value per 100 of our population. I think "S. R." owes me an apology.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN COMEDY.

"The American Scene." By Henry James. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

THAT Mr. Henry James is considerably intrigued by the American problem is evident throughout his book, but its title declares the intensely personal and contemplative fashion in which he essays to state it. His susceptive and intricate rendering of the "scene" announces to the inquirer not only the novelist's "bad habit of receiving through almost any accident of vision more impressions than he knows what to do with," but his conviction that a mastery of all the elements in that scene, of how and what America has come to be, is the only base on which can be built any profitable conjecture as to her future. In pursuit of that idea he has, however, taken a way entirely of his own: he has written not a guide-book, but a drama, the drama of a continent; and he has contrived with illuminating subtlety that the "persons" of it shall be not the varieties of humanity upon its surface, but the evidences, the more or less enduring records of their aspiration and their content. True, he shows us occasionally the men and women, and he draws them with that fine conjectural penetration which so distinguishes his fiction: but we only see them as small moving things among the monuments of their collected activities to which he puts his questions, and from which he helps us to the nearest thing to a conclusion of which his deliberate consciousness will allow. These things, invested with personality by his art, take on before us a strange immense significant identity. They are like the monstrous creatures in a pantomime come true.

"The ample villas, in their full dress, planted each on its little square of brightly green carpet, and as with their stiff skirts pulled well down, eyed each other, at short range, from head to foot." "The huge new houses, up and down, looked over their smart short lawns as with a certain familiar prominence in their profiles, which was borne out by the accent, loud, assertive, yet benevolent withal, with which they confessed to their extreme expensiveness."

The intention clearly is that we shall see these buildings not only as plain brick and stone, but as ideographs, as it were, of the men who built them. These houses with their "candid look of having cost as much as they knew how" are part of "the great adventure of a society reaching out into the apparent void for the amenities," an adventure which we follow with Mr. James across the entire continent. We question the houses again at Newport, the "monuments of pecuniary power" which have been planted thick and close that their occupants may remark from the windows to each other on the solitary and sympathetic charm of their sites. We ask the New York that "lies looking at the sky in the manner of a colossal hair-comb turned upwards and deprived of half its teeth" of what, for all its airs, it is going to make its future; and we find in its handsomer regions "the suggestion of a crowded 'party' of young persons," "the collective alertness of bright-eyed, light-limbed, clear-voiced youth, without a doubt in the world and without a conviction." From "wonderful little Baltimore," seated "as some quite robust but almost unnaturally good child might sit on the green apron of its nurse," we carry chiefly the impression of the little ladylike squares and the little brick-faced, protrusively door-stepped houses overhung by trees, like "rows of quiet old ladies seated, with their toes tucked up on uniform footstools, under the shaded candlesticks of old-fashioned tea parties;" while Richmond, tragic ghost-haunted Richmond, affects us by its utter failure to fill out our conception of tragedy, by its void blankness, its lack of any discernible consciousness, its "very dim smile of modesty, the invalid gentleness of a patient who has been freely bled."

Torn from the fabric of the book, from the intricacy of its dexterous and elaborate design, these descriptions may seem but impressionist studies of architecture and fail even to suggest that peopling of a continent with the vague shapes of its incarnated activities which

Mr. James has so marvellously achieved. No elucidation of that achievement is possible in a review, since its success is dependent to a quite incommunicable degree upon an atmosphere, diffused from every page, by which the effects have been created. That atmosphere can be breathed only by those who read the book, and who read it moreover from the beginning. It is a book into which it is almost impossible to "dip;" its pages are as resistant to any effort to penetrate them casually as is a coat of mail. We would risk the assertion that not one page in the entire volume is intelligible by itself; in none certainly can the argument be followed or the impression received if a single paragraph be omitted. Insistence on this curious fineness and closeness of texture is a reviewer's duty, as much to himself as to his readers. It is his excuse for failing to communicate any measure of its charm; it limits his recommendation to the seriously-minded. Its chapters doubtless may be separately studied for delineations of the dozen States and cities with which they deal; but only those who read them all, and read them in order, will receive the author's vision of the American scene. Even then they will feel their knowledge incomplete and be conscious of something withheld in his impression, something which one trusts he still intends to communicate.

What one chiefly gathers from that impression, so far as it is revealed, is a sense of impermanence, a sense pervading not the onlooker's consciousness but that of the nation itself. Its very magnificence is provisional, it does nothing with an illusion of finality, its constructiveness quite as much as its destructiveness seems intended to "blight the superstition of rest." "The very sign of its energy is that it doesn't believe in itself; it fails to succeed, even at a cost of millions, in persuading you that it does." The lack of any illusion of finality is reflected from every arrangement of its social affairs. The author draws a humorous but sympathetic picture of the social effort to imitate the habits of older civilisations while lacking their resources. He depicts in his intimate fashion the collapse of the social impulse at the most regal hour of the night from sheer lack of something to "go on" to, or with the opera alone offering on such occasions—occasions that have contributed all conceivable splendours of attire—"the only approach to the implication of the tiara known, so to speak, to the American law." "In worlds otherwise arranged," he remarks delightfully, "the occasion itself, with its character fully turned on, produces the tiara. In New York this symbol has, by an arduous extension of its virtue, to produce the occasion."

But he doubtless sees that the occasion will have to wait for something else, since one sex only in the American world may be said to have risen to the "implication of the tiara," and the "failure of the sexes to keep step socially" is as fatal to the attainment of "functions" as it is illustrative of the foredoomed *grope* of wealth.

But with his eye chiefly occupied with the costlier exponents of that drama, Mr. James has not been unconscious of the significant and incalculable changes taking place in the strata on which its foundations at present indifferently repose. The menace of immigration does not move him quite to the extent of Mr. Wells' misgivings, but he finds it not a whit less suggestive; and of his luminous comparisons not the least is that which likens the Americanising of the immigrant, and the loss, "after a deep inhalation or two of the clear native air," of all his charming and apparently indelible qualities, to the immersion of a piece of bright-hued stuff in a tub of hot water, which fails however to exhibit any traces of the dye which it extracts. America "rubs off" the Italian's manners without in any way affecting the complexion of its own.

These elements of the drama only prove the author's acquaintance with every contributory factor to the scene, and but add, as his exquisite appreciations of its scenery, to the variety of its colour. Our completed sense of the scene is of a comedy of manners portrayed with an incomparable delicacy and definition, but of a comedy to which he has still to add the most exacting touches.

THE VILLAGE CROSS.

"The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire." By Henry Taylor. Manchester: Sherratt and Hughes. 1906. 42s. net.

THE President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society draws attention to the difficulty of realising "at the present day that England before the Reformation was a thoroughly Roman Catholic country", but there are a few happy or unhappy spots, according to the way in which we like to look at the matter, where the efforts of the Reformers fell flat, and only a few miles to the north of grimy Liverpool there exists an out-of-date Popish district where funerals still pause at the hallowed places where once stood the Rood, whilst mourners recite the "De profundis" with a religious fervour which ages of isolation have helped to accentuate. Many of the land-holding classes "between Ribbel and Moerse" have never swerved from the Church of their fathers, and we would naturally expect to find in that region examples of those ancient crosses which were at one time numerous throughout broad England. Alas, there as elsewhere most of them have disappeared; formerly there was scarcely a village or hamlet in the land which had not one or more of these silent preachers to lift men's minds from this world and turn their thoughts to "Death, judgement, Hell, and Heaven". The loss is a national misfortune. A jarring note is struck when these pious memorials of the Passion are classified as if they were nothing more than fossils fit only to be placed in a museum, but since they cannot escape the common lot of things deemed obsolete the situation must be accepted with patient resignation. Mr. Taylor introduces the ancient crosses of Lancashire to notice under separate heads, determined mainly by the purposes for which they were erected or uses to which they have been known to be put. At this date it is often impossible to know the original purpose, and as the uses have been many and have usually varied at different times, accurate classification is exceedingly difficult: a commemoration cross can become a churchyard cross through the building of a church close to the site, a preaching cross may come to be styled a market cross through a hamlet springing up around it. Consequently classification refers rather to the neighbourhood in which a cross is found than to the immediate purpose of its foundation; but whatever the motive for erection, the intention was that "when folk passynge see the crosses they should thynke on Hym that dyed on the Crosse and worshyppe Hym above all things". Fortunately the motive is sometimes ascertainable, as in the case of the Bewcastle Cross, the Eleanor Crosses and those marking where the body of S. Aldhelm rested on the last journey to Malmesbury, but the reason for putting up a cross cannot always be so easily traced. From the earliest ages of the world, stones have been used as memorials to mark boundaries and commemorate events. The Old Testament teems with examples and it is certain that Christian missionaries did not hesitate to utilise Pagan monuments and often marked them with the figure or made them take the shape of the Cross. Mr. Taylor mentions that bargains ratified near the market cross were sacred; this might tempt us to suppose their solemn virtue was derived from the sanctity of the emblem of man's Redemption, but Mr. Gomme has suggested that town crosses may be identified with the gathering-places of the old local assemblies. His theory may not universally hold good, but it is at least probable that the ground of sanction for the contract was publicity, for an instance of the same underlying idea is obtained in the proclamation of banns at the market cross during the era of the Commonwealth. It is perhaps more unsafe to follow the modern tendency and look to heathen times for the origin of every custom or tradition found connected with a cross. The Bishop of Bristol, in hazarding an explanation of the lacertine decoration on the shafts of Christian crosses, has been careful to warn us all that it is an open question whether the dragons on the earliest sculptured stones were the cause or the effect of the dragon emblems and dragon legends.

We doubt whether Mr. Taylor shows himself suffi-

ciently well grounded in Catholic doctrine to treat his subject with that thorough sympathy which alone could give it life, for he calls baptism "the sacred rite which notified admission to the Christian Church", and seems to confuse "All Saints" with "All Souls", but as a guide-book written in a guide-book style his book might have had a certain merit had it been better indexed. Various printed sources have been drawn upon to furnish a considerable amount of miscellaneous information which might be useful after careful sifting. It is an undisputed fact that many holy wells and churches in Lancashire are dedicated to S. Helen, but in the absence of more direct proof we decline to draw the inference that S. Helen is connected with the Keltic S. Elian, and that both draw a common ancestry from Ella the water-sprite. The reverence paid to fountains and pools is as old as mankind, and Christian missionaries would find few if any springs or wells unencumbered with pagan tradition of some sort, but the practice of erecting crosses at holy wells would of itself suggest the name of the mother of Constantine, "venerabilis et piissima Augusta", a woman of British birth and the legendary Finder of the True Cross so long hidden from human gaze on Mount Calvary. Should this be considered a confusion of cause with effect, it must be remembered that it was S. Helen who built a church over the well where Jesus rested on his way through Samaria. If Mr. Taylor will turn to S. John iv. and read from verse 6 to verse 15 he may find a reason to account for the popularity of S. Helen. The remark of the Samaritan woman that "Jews do not communicate with the Samaritans", translated in the authorised version "have no dealings with", and the answer given by our Lord could not fail to strike more than one of the early missionaries as fitting the conditions prevailing in these islands.

The S. Helen of our holy wells is not for us the descendant of any water-sprite, but remains the same S. Helen who suppressed idolatry in Jerusalem. S. Ambrose, rebuking those who in his day would have discredited the empress, said, "They tell us this lady was first an innkeeper . . . this good innkeeper did not care how base or vile she was thought, so she could but gain Christ." Her name is a precious legacy; then let us leave her with an echo from the Cross in our ears, "Rood is my name, once I bare the Rich King, trembling, blood-bedabbled."

GERMAN LITERATURE AND GERMAN MODESTY.

"Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur." By Eduard Engel. 2 vols. Leipzig: G. Freytag. Vienna: F. Tempsky. 1906. 12 m.

IT is in the nature of all histories of literature to become obsolete in course of time. The process of obsolescence is slower than that of a railway time-table and faster than that of an atlas, but it goes on apace and there is no last word. This fact alone would fully justify the appearance of Dr. Engel's two portly volumes on the history of German literature, illustrated by many portraits. They follow closely upon the heels of a distinguished series of predecessors. The old-fashioned Theodor Mundt, the learned Gervinus, the worthy but dull Vilmar and Kurz, and in recent times König and Wilhelm Scherer; all these have had their day, and most have ceased to be anything but respectable names. In spite of their pretensions to the contrary each and every one of them assumed too much omniscience on the part of their readers and depended too little on quotations, while even the extracts quoted were as often taken from the works of modern commentators as from the authors themselves. Dr. Engel's work claims, and not unjustly, to be free from these defects. He writes ostensibly for the layman in literature, not, as he is at pains to point out, for the ignorant who has never even read the "Nibelungenlied", "Faust" or "Minna von Barnhelm", but for "the hundreds of thousands" of ordinary intelligent citizens of the Fatherland. He sets himself to lead them gently by the hand, not to order them about like a Prussian non-commissioned officer; to inspire them with admiration and appreciation, not to stuff them with knowledge however valuable. Here too he achieves no small success. He quotes freely from the writers under discussion, and when giving the opinions of others, either in support of or contradiction to his own, selects for the most part those of contemporary critics and men of letters. Singularly modest, almost tentative in some of his conclusions, at times he astonishes by the severity of his criticism. He has no partisan point of view in the generally accepted sense of the term. He does not, like Baumgartner, deal with German literature merely as a manifestation of the Catholic faith, nor, like other historians, as a champion of the causes of Classicism and Romanticism against all comers. Occasionally, indeed, his views must be something of a shock to the orthodox school. The authors of histories of literature in the past have trumpeted so loud and long the praises of the old masters that they have had no breath left when, in the last hurried chapters, they have tried to estimate the work of their contemporaries. Dr. Engel is in reaction against much of this hero-worship. His point of view is often sound, and it is always refreshing to hear that there have been heroes since Agamemnon. But even the literary iconoclast must pause when Heine is thrust from his throne among the lyrical poets of Germany to make room for Storm, Keller, Konrad Meyer and Paul Heyse.

The defects of the book are the defects of the subject. Where the author fails it is from attempting too much. Beginning with the translation of the Bible by Wulfilas, the West Gothic Bishop, in the middle of the fourth century, he carries us right down to works published in 1906, and even the present Kaiser must needs fill a modest niche among the "Orators" on the strength of such famous aphorisms as "Germany's future lies on the sea". Like all his countrymen Dr. Engel is nothing if not "thorough", at least in intention. In consequence the mass of material he thinks he must dispose of is enormous, and the arrangement, where it ceases to be strictly chronological, often becomes puzzling. He would pose as the unsparing foe of overrated powers and the champion of neglected genius, of which Paul Heyse is perhaps the most striking example. He seeks earnestly to restore to places of honour many names that have slipped out of sight or at least out of mind. Yet his own sins of omission are almost as noticeable as are the sins of commission of his predecessors. Such names as Walloth, Telmann, Fischer, Freudenthal, Stavenhagen, are at least as worthy of mention as many others to whom ample space is accorded; while in his chapter on Jugendliteratur the author of the immortal "Struwelpeter" receives but the curtest and most unsympathetic notice.

The best case needs fewest words in praise of its merits, and the case for German literature among the literatures of the world could safely be left to take care of itself. Dr. Engel however is solicitous that the world (of Germany) should be convinced by his arguments and analogies that the obvious is true. He protests too much. As a German writer on German literature he might surely have left the greatness of "Faust" to speak for itself. Not so Dr. Engel. He must needs point out that even a cultured Englishman is forced to admit its superiority to "Hamlet", and an Italian to own that it is at least the equal of the "Divine Comedy". That French poetry should seem but poor rhymed stuff to this whole-hearted admirer of chaotic German hexameters is perhaps only natural, but to contend that neither Italy ("for all her noble Dante") nor France ("despite her exceedingly Germanic 'Chanson de Roland'") has anything worthy to set beside the "Hildebrand" or "Nibelungenlied", and that we in England have Shakespeare only is surely Pan-Germanism in excelsis. Nor will he allow any rival with his countrymen where the gaiety of mankind is concerned. Lightness of hand and a keen sense of humour are not notoriously German characteristics; but we are assured as a fact—there is no hint of personal opinion here—that the whole comic press of France, England and America is inferior to the German "Fliegende Blätter", "Lustige Blätter", "Die Jugend" and "Simplicissimus". Nor is this

all. He quotes poor Klinger's naïve confession, made a hundred years ago, that "Germany has no distinguished satirist, in fact no satirist at all that any man who knows men and the world would care to read", merely to show how completely the good man with last week's "Simplicissimus" in his hand would have changed his mind.

The politics of literature are its least satisfactory side, and the national spirit in its most truculent form is singularly out of place in the sequestered shades of Academe. A distinguished French critic, Henri Taine, writing the literary history of a country not his own, mentioned quite by the way that German literature did not exist for two centuries, from 1550 to 1750. There is a half-truth in this generalisation which even the two hundred pages devoted to it by Dr. Engel cannot quite conceal. But the Frenchman's exaggeration has no sting, for it is not made to exalt his own country or disparage a neighbour. Dr. Engel lacks what he considers a national characteristic, a sense of humour in dealing with such matters. He is an enthusiastic German even to the verge of self-sacrifice. He will have none of those foreign words which have for so long sullied the purity of the German tongue. The Gallicisms that delighted Frederick the Great are to him an abomination. Inevitably his style tends to become stilted and involved. But patriotism is a hard master, and if at times the sense be lost, is it not in a good cause?

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

"Hyksos and Israelite Cities." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Double volume. London: Quaritch. 1906. 45s.

THE excavations made by Professor Flinders Petrie and his assistant, Mr. Garrow Duncan, at Tell el-Yehudiyeh and other sites in the Egyptian Delta are the first-fruits of the severance of his connexion wlth the Egypt Exploration Fund and the starting of a new association for excavating work in Egypt. The association calls itself the British School of Archæology in Egypt, but it is hardly a school in the sense in which this title is applied to the British Schools at Athens and Rome or to the French and German Schools in Egypt itself. It has neither buildings nor library in Egypt, and its work is confined there to the exploration and excavation of ancient sites. It seems a pity, therefore, that it should have added a title which is, to say the least, ambiguous, to the older and well-known name of the "Egyptian Research Account" which has already provided us with so much valuable archæological material.

The main object of Professor Petrie's work in 1906 was the excavation of Tell el-Yehudiyeh—"the Mound of the Jews"—some twenty miles north of Cairo. It has long been known that this must have been the site of the Temple of Onias, the rival, or rather the counterpart, of that of Jerusalem. Excavations were made there in 1870 by Brugsch, who brought to light the remains of a palace of Rameses III., the walls of which were decorated with enamelled tiles. Hayter Lewis published a plan of the place, and the fellahin, in digging for manure, disinterred two baths of limestone of the shape of those still used in the Jewish ritual for purificatory purposes. In 1887 the cemetery was explored by Professor Naville for the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Jewish tombstones discovered; the "tell" itself, however, was not thoroughly examined. Since then the increasing prosperity of Egypt, which has played such havoc with other ancient monuments in Egypt, has brought disaster to the "tell". When Professor Petrie arrived he found that the brick ruins of the old city "had almost entirely disappeared; the site of the palace of Ramessu III. was high in air, and amid the heaps of potsherds strewn over the enclosure the bare desert floor appeared in many parts. The stone wall (of the original camp) has vanished, leaving only a long trench to mark its site; the earth and bricks have all been elaborately cut away to put on the land around; the sand is being carted away every day to use in building; and even the very potsherds are collected to place in foundations of buildings. Every fragment and product of the ancient site is being removed, so that before long no trace will be left of this ancient city". It was, therefore, high time that the site should be carefully explored by a competent archæologist before its history was completely lost.

The scarabs which the fellahin have been finding for the last two or three years among the rubbish showed that its excavation was likely to throw light not only on the history of the Jews in Egypt but also upon that of one of the darkest, and nevertheless most important, periods of Egyptian civilisation. The scarabs were those of Hyksos kings, and in several cases are the only monuments of them that we at present possess. Professor Petrie's primary aim, accordingly, was to see if any remains of the Hyksos epoch were still left.

In spite of the unpromising condition of the site, he has been successful in his quest. For the first time a Hyksos city has been discovered and its history traced back to the days when it was merely the camp of uncultured invaders from Asia. The camp was a square formed of huge banks of sand, the outer slope of which was protected by a smooth facing of white stucco. Originally, it would seem, there was no entrance except by an ascent on the east side, and Professor Petrie points out that it must have been built by a race of archers who were unacquainted with the Egyptian dirk and spear. After a short time, however, two flanking walls were constructed to defend the entrance, and eventually, when the Hyksos had passed under the spell of Egyptian civilisation and their leaders had become Egyptian Pharaohs, a great wall of stone, 6 feet wide, some 50 feet high, and over a mile in length, was erected round it. Not unnaturally the discoverer would see in this city-camp the famous Hyksos fortress of Avaris; but Avaris must have been close to the frontier of Palestine, and not near Cairo. Tell el-Yehudiyeh would rather have been the camp that was formed to overawe Memphis, and so would have served the same purpose as the Roman fortress of Babylon in later days.

The Temple of Onias was built on a high artificial mound to the east of the Hyksos city, thus avoiding the ruined site of the Egyptian temple which had stood inside the old camp. It formed part of a strongly fortified castle which included a small town and a tower. Two approaches led to it, that from the east being a long flight of steps. As at Jerusalem, the temple consisted of an outer and inner court, beyond which was the sanctuary. At the foot of the mound numerous cylinders of pottery were found containing wood ashes and the bones of lambs. These must be the remains of the sacrificial lambs offered at the dedication of the temple and roasted in the pits in which the cylinders were inserted. Among other finds was an ostrakon with a builder's account in demotic, from which we learn that a Jew of the name of Abram was one of the brickmakers employed upon the work.

Professor Petrie has succeeded in restoring the plan both of the temple and of the Jewish fortress, and, as the temple was an imitation of that at Jerusalem, his model of it will be welcome to Biblical controversialists. The most striking point about it is the strength and elaborate nature of its fortifications. Did Onias believe that his co-religionists in Palestine would attempt to attack and destroy what they regarded as a rival sanctuary?

Professor Petrie has added to his volume a chapter on the Hyksos dynasties, and gives in it a list of the Hyksos kings at present monumentally known. Altogether they amount to as many as twenty-eight. Once more Manetho's statements are triumphantly vindicated against the aspersions of German scepticism; so far, at all events, as they can be tested by modern discovery they prove to be more correct than the assumptions of his critics.

It is needless to say that the book is profusely illustrated with that abundance of accurate archæological material which we are accustomed to expect from its author. To the archæologist the most interesting portion of it will probably be that devoted to the black pottery with white incised patterns which characterises the Hyksos period. The pottery in question is well known, and at one time extended from Elam to Spain;

but its connexion with the Hyksos invaders of Egypt is new and suggestive. The fact that the shapes assumed by it in the Hyksos graves are limited to Palestine and eastern Cyprus leads Mr. J. L. Myres to the conclusion that we must look for its origin to Syria.

INDIAN TREES.

"Indian Trees: an Account of Trees, Shrubs, Woody Climbers, Bamboos, and Palms, Indigenous or commonly cultivated in the British Indian Empire." By Sir Dietrich Brandis. London: Constable. 1906. 16s. net.

EVEN for a comparatively young man in the most energetic period of life this work would represent an amount of conscientious labour very far above the average in every way. It means not only a vast amount of exceedingly painstaking and skilful compilation from all the works of the many students of Indian botany, but also the careful study, classification and description of a great number and variety of new specimens forwarded by Indian foresters to Sir Dietrich Brandis. The work was begun eight years ago; and although its object "is restricted and is entirely practical", it forms a most important addition to the scientific knowledge of Indian botany.

Not infrequently have those who have made their mark in the history of one or other of the branches of Indian administration contributed to our knowledge of India by literary work of more or less value, after they have borne their long day's task in the East, and returned to Europe hoping to enjoy a well-deserved retirement. But it is, perhaps, unique to find an octogenarian making so important an addition to exact scientific knowledge concerning a country which he had finally quitted more than twenty years previously.

In 1856 Dr. Brandis received his first appointment in Burma as successor to Dr. McClelland, Conservator of Forests, Pegu and Martaban. On the establishment of a Forest Department by the Government of India in 1864 he was appointed Inspector-General of Forests. This position he held till he attained the extreme age-limit for Indian service, sixty years, in 1883. During these nineteen years he laid the firm and broad foundations upon which the present sound system of Indian forest administration has been laboriously but securely built up. What this system and its results already are to British India, and how much more is confidently expected from them, was eloquently told by Mr. Morley in his Budget speech of 20 July last; the net surplus revenue from the forests for 1905 being £730,000.

This is not the first work of this special kind that Sir Dietrich Brandis has dedicated to the service of Indian forestry. More than thirty years ago he devoted one period of furlough to the arrangement and amplification of botanical notes made by the late Dr. Stewart, Conservator of Forests in the Punjáb, which were published in 1874 as the "Forest Flora of North-West and Central India". The present much larger and more comprehensive work is not intended to be an exhaustive forest flora, such as Mathieu and Fliche's for France, or Willkomm's for Germany and Austria, because that would be impossible till further data are collected; and even then almost beyond the power of any one man. Some idea of the immensity of such a task may be got from the fact that Brandis describes no fewer than 4,400 species of trees, shrubs and scrub, or more than eleven times the number contained in the forest flora of France.

Although there is a marked difference between the forest flora of the western and the eastern tracts—that of the west being more akin to the vegetation of Western Asia and Europe, while that of the east has closer affinity with the flora of China and Japan—yet throughout India there are various climatic zones in which rainfall, latitude and elevation tend to delimit distinct "regions" of forest vegetation; while within each of these geographical regions elevation, configuration, aspect, soil-moisture, and the composition of the soil all exert their special influences on the nature of the vegetation. Zones of about equal annual rainfall are, naturally, the easiest to classify.

Thus Sind, the Southern Punjáb, and Western Rajputana form an "arid region" having a scanty and irregular rainfall never exceeding 15 inches a year. There are three "dry regions" in which the rainfall usually varies from 15 to 30 inches. The northern of these extends from the arid region over the other plains of the Punjáb and Rajputana, and includes most of the United Provinces; the central includes the greater part of the Deccan and Mysore, forming the interior portion of the Indian peninsula; and the eastern is the central part of Burma, in Further India. These arid and dry regions have naturally only a scanty, scrub-like vegetation, and are the tracts throughout which famines are most frequent, and also most severe when they do occur. Those next most easily classified are the two "moist regions" having a rainfall of 75 inches or more, often going up to well over 200 inches along the sea-coast. One of these comprises the south-western coast-line of the peninsula, while the other extends over the sea-coast and the hill-ranges of Lower Burma, thence trends northwards along the densely-wooded hills in the north of Upper Burma, by way of Assam and Eastern Bengal to the Himalayas, the outer ranges of which it follows up to the Punjáb. These two moist regions are characterised by evergreen forests. Between the arid, the dry, and the moist there are "intermediate regions", having an average annual rainfall of between 30 and 70 inches, throughout Central and Southern India, in parts of the Himalayas, and on the hills of Central Burma. The heavier falls take place, of course, in places near the sea-coast, in hilly districts, and in belts adjoining the two moist regions. In these intermediate regions the general character of the forest vegetation varies greatly according to the local rainfall. Sometimes it is quasi-evergreen, sometimes markedly deciduous in the hot season. It is in these deciduous forests that the majority of the most valuable timber-trees of India are to be found, such as teak and sál, although the sál is never quite leafless.

But the specific character of such deciduous forests varies greatly according to latitude, elevation, aspect, and soil, as in every other part of the world. The influence of soil upon forest growth, a question of much importance to the forester, has not yet been carefully and systematically studied; but it now forms one of the subjects of investigation in the research branch recently established in the Imperial Forest College at Dehra Dún, in the United Provinces. Certain empyrical facts have, of course, long been known regarding the chief timber-trees, such as that teak will thrive on almost any kind of soil provided the drainage be good; that deodar also requires good drainage; that sál grows best on the sandstones, conglomerates, and sandy gravels and shingles skirting the base of the Himalayas; that the In (or Eng) tree chiefly affects laterite, a highly ferruginous deposit; and that the cypress is usually found on limestone, where in Europe also it thrives best.

It is interesting to note that the Andaman redwood, introduced into Britain about twenty years ago as ornamental timber under the name of padauk, is a different species (Pterocarpus dalbergioides) from the padauk indigenous to the forests of Burma (P. macrocarpus), while the rapid-growing, richly-foliaged tree of the same name which forms magnificent avenues along roadways in Rangoon, Moulmein and other towns throughout Lower Burma, and is popularly supposed to flower thrice before the rainy season sets in, is a third species (P. indicus), believed to be indigenous to the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago. The padauk of the Burmese forests is much heavier and richer in colour than the better-known Andaman redwood, in which the colour of the heartwood varies from light grey to deep reddish-brown and bright red, although these differences in colour are not accompanied by any visible characters in leaves or flowers.

In his preface Sir Dietrich Brandis warns foresters in India always to bear in mind that botany is not forestry. They are not likely to forget it. Their monthly accounts and the Forest Code will very soon in their career, and continuously till their death or

retirement from service, indelibly impress upon their minds that they are above everything else accountants and practical business men—that, in fact, they are land-agents with very extensive charges mostly connected with the extraction and sale of timber and other forest produce, the execution and settlement of contracts, the framing of schemes of management for reserved forests, the administration of forest laws, and all the other various duties dischargeable by a "quasi-commercial" department run upon as purely business lines as is possible under direct Government administration. It is only now and again that an Indian forester takes to botany as a hobby, much as others of his brother-officers prefer entomology, or sport, or dolce far niente. And it is perhaps chiefly for this reason that Sir Dietrich Brandis' new work will prove invaluable to Indian foresters generally.

THE STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

"Morals in Evolution." By L. T. Hobhouse. London: Chapman and Hall. 1906. 2 vols. 21s. net.

WHILE the "general reader" is waiting for Dr. Hastings' promised Dictionary of Religion and Morality he may find an effective substitute in this encyclopædic work. Is he interested in the morality of the lowest savages? There is a detailed account of the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego, not to speak of scattered notices of the hairy Ainu of Japan and of countless other tribes, all given on good authority. Or does he want to know something about Totemism, about Endogamy, and Exogamy (not among plants, but among men), about Father-right and Mother-right, about monogamy, polygamy, or polyandry, about the position of women generally in divers countries and divers times, down to the modern cry for women's rights? Let him make a judicious use of the Index, and he will certainly find enough to stimulate, if not to satisfy him. Is he attracted rather to the gruesome subjects of cannibalism and human sacrifice, or to the history of slavery throughout the world, or to caste in India, or serfdom in the Middle Ages, or village communities, or systems of poor-relief? He will find much about all of these. If his leanings are legal, he can read about Hammurabi's Code and the Priestly Code of the Jews, about the patria potestas among the Romans, about the influence of the Stoics on Roman legislation, about Gratian and Canon Law, about Grotius and the Social Contract. If his delight is rather in the occult, he can browse upon animism and magic, upon Babylonian Incantation Tablets and the Egyptian Book of the Dead. These things he will get, as it were, by the way, but the main business of the work is to treat of the various moral systems of the world and of religion in its connexion with morality. For the author lays down that, instead of religion being the basis of ethics, ethics is the test with which religion must conform. The religions of the world are therefore passed in review—the Vedic religion, Greek Polytheism, Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the religion of Israel, Christianity and Islam, together with the moral systems of Confucius, Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics. The book, as the author justly observes in his preface, is the outcome of a hundred specialisms. So far as we have tested its statements, we find them sound. But however wide and varied the learning which pervades these two volumes may be, it would be applying a false measure to estimate them by the amount of information they contain. There is something better than that, a philosophic grasp of principles. We feel that we are in the hands of a genuine thinker, whose conclusions we may accept or reject, but may not neglect. Mr. Hobhouse is a man to be reckoned with.

The first volume deals with the standard of morality and the second with its basis. This means that in the first volume the author considers the lines of conduct that have been approved at different times among different peoples, in the second the reasons that have been, or may be, assigned for this approval. In accordance with the evolution hypothesis, no line is drawn between human and animal, or even vegetable intelligence, so that a full treatment of morality would trace conduct upwards, not merely from the amœba, but from the sensitive-plant or the Venus' fly-trap, to man. We should find a rise from pure instinct to instinct modified by individual experience, and thence to intelligence and sympathy. When we get to man himself, the chief factors of the moral standard are individual judgment and social tradition. On the whole that conduct gets approved which tends to maintain the life both of the individual and of the race, but customs may often be injurious, provided they are not fatal. It follows that human morality, being based on human character with its ancestral instincts, is as blind and imperfect as man himself. But while the author rejects an infallible standard of morality, whether intuitive or rational, he rejects also the doctrine of a primary egoism, out of which altruism is evolved. This is untrue to the nature of a being that has social relations from the first. Philosophically Egoism must be pronounced irrational, until the prima facie plausibility of the proposition, that one personality is of the same value as another, can somehow be set aside. On the whole, despite the strange eccentricities of behaviour revealed in books on anthropology, Mr. Hobhouse is most struck with the general uniformity of moral rules in all times and all regions. The same conclusion was borne in upon the mind of Michelet from his study of the legal systems of the world.

To turn now to the basis of morality, Greek ethics founded moral obligation on the well-being of the individual. Justice, according to Plato, was the health of the soul. The idea underlying modern ethics is declared rather to be "that each man is member of a spiritual whole to which he owes service". This whole may be called Humanity, but that term ought not to be interpreted as expressing a collective concept, but rather as the Spirit in all men that works for good. It thus becomes identifiable with the spirit of the Hegelian philosophy, which arrives at self-consciousness in man. Thus by a fusion of Comtism and Hegelianism—the two opposite poles of thought—combined with the idea of mind in growth as the central fact of experience, Mr. Hobhouse finds himself brought to "an evolutionary conception of a Spirit striving in the world of experience with the inherent conditions of its own growth and mastering them at the cost of all the blood that stains the pages of history, and all the unremembered tears that bedew the lone desert places of the heart". This Spirit "is not the whole of nature, but is conditioned by nature even while shaping it, and strives with things, though they are its own flesh". "If this view is correct, progress is made only in so far as the conditions of life come more and more under the dominion of Mind". The permanent progress of humanity must depend on the possibility of controlling social forces by social science. Evil, we are told, is not a positive force. "There is no real Ahriman that strives with Ormuzd". What then is evil? Physical evil is the result of natural causes which intelligence has not been able to subordinate to its ends; moral evil is the clashing of wills which have not been brought into an organic unity. What we have to look forward to is the control of things by collective wisdom, "which is all that we directly know of the Divine". The end is not pleasure, nor even happiness, but the spiritual growth in which happiness is found.

NOVELS.

"Benedict Kavanagh." By George A. Birmingham. London: Arnold. 1907. 6s.

An Irish novel by Mr. Birmingham, who is now universally known to be a Church of Ireland clergyman of unusual political views, is certain to be interesting and to contain an element of the unexpected. But "Benedict Kavanagh" will to English readers be less amusing and even more puzzling than its predecessors. For one thing, the claws of the satirist are to some extent clipped. Mr. Birmingham in his preface expresses regret to the Transvaal Irish Brigade and the Nuns of Foxford for certain matters in his "Hyacinth" which gave very natural offence. He thus more

or less commits himself to letting Roman ecclesiastics and physical force patriots have a close time. Place-hunting Unionist lawyers remain fair game, but this book dwells too much on the good points in the character of Orangemen to propitiate popular feeling in Ireland. The author now reveals himself more clearly as a political idealist with a strong element of religious mysticism. He sees the ideal Ireland in the light in which Greece appeared to Byron and Italy to Browning—and perhaps, we might add, the ideal England to William Morris. He is as much alive as ever to the pettiness and dishonesty which make practical politics in Ireland so hopeless to the genuine idealist. But he manages to find in the aims and tendencies of the Gaelic League the promise of a regenerating force. Well, the Gaelic League will be what actual individual Irishmen acting in masses choose to make it, and whatever view we may take as to its probable development it is well for everybody concerned that it should find within its own ranks a counsellor so single-minded and with such lofty aims as "George Birmingham". The ordinary reader, we regret to say, will find it impossible to take much interest in the shadowy personality of young Kavanagh, even though the novelist reproduces very faithfully middle-class life in a small Connaught town and in Dublin; but the book contains a really remarkable portrait of a fine young Roman Catholic priest. Further, there is a very shrewd analysis of the way in which well-intentioned officials "can't do what's right because there's no public opinion to back them. They've got to give in to the people who bluster and the people who intrigue". This is absolutely true: the political wirepullers are given a free hand and noisy support in matters in which the people know perfectly well that they are wrong and even mischievous. That is at the core of Irish problems, and hitherto Englishmen have not had the wit to perceive it nor Irishmen the courage to mend it. The peculiar half-racial, half-clannish solidarity of a peasantry opposed to the existing order for reasons once practically overwhelming, now largely sentimental, gives a latitude in wrongdoing to the leaders who stand for the cause of revolt which is absolutely incomprehensible to strangers accustomed to the consequences of generations of self-government. Mr. Birmingham's Nationalism is at any rate of the kind—hitherto rare—which can face the facts of the situation.

"Eve and the Wood God." By Helen Maxwell. London: Brown, Langham. 1906. 6s.

Miss Maxwell's equipment as a novelist, judging by this story, is provokingly defective. "Eve and the Wood God" contains scraps of dialogue and portraiture which are quite admirable; but from these we are torn away to tedious dissertations and superfluous episodes. Whether haste or incapacity be the reason, the author has not marshalled her materials in any sort of order. The result is that the narrative is confused and at times inconsequent. It is possible, moreover, to believe that a man possessed of hypnotic power may make a woman love him against her will; but what are we to think of Jack Denham V.C., who though engaged to Eve and an eye-witness of the process, does not instantly lay violent hands on the magnetic scoundrel? Denham is an unreal and stilted hero; but his deficiencies are almost atoned for by the excellence of several minor characters. Fräulein Niedemacher, the German schoolmistress, and Jabez Tremarthen, the sententious gardener, are surely sketched from life, and with a clever pencil. If one may indulge two hopes for Miss Maxwell's future as a writer, one is that she will avoid occultism and melodrama and devote herself to the study of human nature, for which she shows a natural aptitude, the other that she will pay more heed to the composition of her picture.

"Temptation." By Richard Bagot. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

Although we have had rather a surfeit of Italian novels we welcome Mr. Richard Bagot's story as an addition to our knowledge of Italian life and character. His story and his people belong to Italy, and the country is not used by him, as it has been by so many others, merely to introduce picturesque local colour for plots and events that might just as well have happened elsewhere. Mr. Bagot shows how the habit of resorting to poison as a means of getting rid of people one wants out of the way persists in modern Italy even among the cultivated classes. "In Rome even at the present time", says one of the characters in the book, "if a prominent cardinal dies unexpectedly, there are people always ready to shrug their shoulders and whisper the word—poison." And it was to poison that Cristina Contessa Vitali, young, beautiful, ambitious, and childless turned, as the natural means for ridding herself of a husband she had come to loathe. On the walls of the Palazzo Vitali hung the portrait of an ancestress of the Count who had killed her lover by poison. She was believed still to haunt the house. Certainly she haunted the Countess, suggesting to her ever the sinister course which should open to her a life of happiness with her lover Fabrizio Vitali. It is a tribute to the skill of the author, that although he depicts Cristina mercilessly he yet never disgusts us with her. He makes us in some subtle manner understand how strongly the influence of tradition and environment swayed her. The lover too, Fabrizio, is a fine study. He is a typical product of modern civilisation, polished, superficial, and highly strung. The gradual influence over him of Cristina's stronger personality is vividly shown, while the mixed motives—partly fear and partly some latent moral sense—which prevent him in the end from succumbing to temptation and making himself a partner of her guilt are very skilfully suggested. Although the main theme of the story is gloomy, there are many pleasant passages. The book is always interesting.

"Kit's Woman." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. London: Rivers. 1907. 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis is a writer of the naturalistic school. She treads, in this little story, a psychological by-road. "Kit's Woman" is Kit's wife, and is in the pride of youth and bodily vigour: Kit is crippled by an accident two years after marriage. How, in these altered circumstances, will they live their life? That is the problem which the author confronts; and she follows it unshrinkingly to its end, through situations and states of feeling which will certainly shock the sensibilities of many readers. Others, again, may not be satisfied as to the probability of the solution at which she arrives. Yet it is at least possible. When unusual predicaments, such as Kit's, arise, outsiders should not rashly dogmatise about their settlement. Mrs. Ellis makes her rough Cornish folk talk in a fashion which will doubtless persuade many people of its reality; though she seems, judging from our own observations in the Duchy, to have struck upon a stratum of unusual coarseness. Cornish people are rough but not coarse. Kit's wife, who hails from Lancashire, has, in spite of her lapse from virtue, a finer spirit than that of the loose-tongued women among whom her lot is cast.

"In Slippery Places." By H. Maxwell. London: Digby, Long. 1907. 6s.

If the reader of this book condones the unattractive paper and type—for which it is hard that the author should suffer—takes a deep breath, and dives boldly into a whirlpool of murder, blackmail, horsewhippings, elopements, and similar elements, he may derive some amusement from Mr. Maxwell's new novel. Certain documents concerning the birth of the rightful Duke of Beverley are blown about for three hundred pages, with all the characters in hot pursuit. The people who have not really got them generally succeed in bluffing magnificently for a time; but at last justice is done by an amazing series of coincidences. It is a very fair piece of sensationalism, and occasionally quite exciting.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Old Hampshire Vignettes." By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." London: Macmillan. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

A delightful sense of the unspoilt amateur abides in this slender little collection of character sketches. Miss Hawker remains the amateur. There is none of the coarse copy-making, hard-business modern novelist in her composition.

She is now as ever quite unspotted from the eager, crude world of modern fiction. It is as if she did not know that the best judges had declared her little story "Mademoiselle Ixe" a thing of signal beauty. She has taken we do not care to calculate how many years to produce this new book of a hundred pages or so of large print and margins—a thing the professional novelist turns out at a sitting or two. Miss Hawker has taste, feeling, exquisite nicety. This booklet is worth a hundred of the inflated, impossible modern six shilling novels that are the rage of the moment with foolish idle readers and foolish industrious critics. But we would not recommend it to those who care for stirring scenes of plot and passion, "vivid" character-sketching and life in "smart" circles. They would be bored to extinction by Miss Hawker's grannies and postmen and keepers and so forth. A few, if they chanced to know who was "Lady Ann" in the final sketch—a lovely bit of work—might be a little interested. But on the whole the book is not for novel readers. We have noticed, by the way, an odd suggestion in a contemporary that these sketches might not have been written had it not been for the example set by Lady Tennant, who produced a few years ago a somewhat similar book. Lady Tennant's work is distinguished and very good, but it is absurd to suggest that her little collection of Wiltshire sketches led Miss Hawker to publish this collection of Hampshire sketches. Miss Hawker was doing work of this kind upwards of twenty years ago. Beyond all doubt she writes of village character better than anyone has written since George Eliot. No one comes near her in her combination of crystal clearness, fine point, discrimination and simplicity. Where she is wanting of course is in dramatic power; if Mr. Hardy could but lend her a little of his abounding art in this!

"A History of Hungarian Literature." By Frederick Riedl. London: Heinemann. 1906. 6s.

A history of any literature in a volume of less than 300 pages, however well qualified for his task the author may be, can hardly become in the end much beyond a catalogue of names. Mr. Hagberg Wright in his preface to this volume probably says not a word too much in praise of the author and in no way exaggerates his qualifications for the task; in fact the attempt to make Hungarian literature interesting to people who have never heard of any Hungarian writer save Maurus Jokäi, if indeed they have heard of him, could never be otherwise than at the best a well-intentioned failure. To appreciate Hungarian literature at all the reader must know Hungarian history, for it is beyond all others a literature of patriotism. The Hungarians have for centuries built up their nationality and maintained it with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. This state of constant national anxiety is necessarily reflected in their literature. Of course, as Dr. Riedl points out, the literature of the country is not purely national throughout; it has been largely permeated by Western ideas. This indeed was inevitable; and also that it should be so affected much more widely at some periods than at others; but it still remains in the end not purely European, and it is redolent of the singular soil that gave it birth, half of the East and half of the West, even as at Buda-Pesth the visitor is at once singularly impressed by the fact that he is at a racial frontier, at the meeting-place of Orient and Occident, a feeling which impresses one in the same way perhaps nowhere else. To anyone who has already acquired some interest in the story of Hungary this book will be of use. The writer seems more successful in the earlier chapters than in the later in giving some idea of the development of the Hungarian national character as illustrated by its political history as well as its literature, but we must repeat that this class of work can hardly succeed in being more than a useful catalogue. It is difficult to sit down in cold blood and read pages of what might well be extracts from some Hungarian Dictionary of National Biography. This objection obtains even though the information be accurate and the individuals in many cases remarkable characters.

"Infant Mortality." By George Newman. London: Methuen.

Dr. Newman is Lecturer on Public Health at S. Bartholomew's Hospital, and this book is one of the series of "The New Library of Medicine" edited by Dr. Saleeby. Dr. Newman starts by impressing the reader with the excessively high rate of infant mortality as compared with adult mortality, and then discusses with ample detail the known causes of this mortality, and in so doing collects a mass of information regarding industrial and social life which is highly instructive but also depressing. So many of these causes are preventable from the scientific point of view, and yet so apparently hopeless practically. All the bad conditions of society contribute their quota: poverty and ignorance, unhealthy occupations and the occupations of women, bad housing, artificial foods, drinking and vice. Infant mortality is a resultant of these and other like conditions, and no one, not even Dr. Newman, can quantify or qualify the degree in which each operates. If one may suppose the most general cause it seems most likely to be ignorance and the brutal indifference which grows from it. If it were not for this many of the other contributory causes would be modified. There has been a slight tendency of late for infant mortality to decrease; very likely owing to the influence of such books as this on those who, in various positions, have to do with ignorant people, and to the fact that the educated have become aware how serious the matter is from the national standpoint. It is more serious owing to the decline in the birth-rate. The two phenomena are however not confined to Great Britain; there are but four European States with a lower infant mortality. Only in Australia and New Zealand are the conditions very much better, and even there the birth-rate is decreasing and there is a tendency for infant mortality to increase.

"A Great Archbishop of Dublin: William King, D.D., 1650-1729. His Autobiography, Family, and a Selection from his Correspondence." Edited by Sir Charles Simeon King, Bart. London: Longmans. 1906. 10s. 6d.

William King played a most important part in Church and State: his "State of the Irish Protestants under King James II." was a famous political tract, while as Bishop of Derry and, later, Archbishop of Dublin, he made his mark as an ecclesiastic. He was well described as "a State Whig, a Church Tory, a good Bishop". A learned theologian and acute controversialist, he was something much more rare in the eighteenth-century Church of Ireland, a bishop whose heart was in his own pastoral duty and who was determined to make his clergy do theirs. His kinsman Sir Charles King here prints for the first time a translation of the Archbishop's Latin autobiography and many letters, adding extracts from correspondence already published, with notes on family history and cognate matters. Unfortunately he finds it necessary to air his own intemperate views on current Church questions in his footnotes. The autobiography is interesting, and throws valuable light on contemporary social conditions, as do the letters. King corresponded with Swift, Addison, Berkeley, and many churchmen and politicians: his relations as diocesan with the terrible Dean of S. Patrick's were not always amiable, but it is amusing to find him in 1711 writing to Swift, evidently in good faith, "I know you are not ambitious". He changed his opinions—which had been Tory, although he was the son of an Aberdeenshire settler in Ulster—at the Revolution, and as Lord Justice kept Dublin quiet at the critical moment of Queen Anne's death. But he was an Irish patriot of the eighteenth-century Protestant type, and resented English interference with Irish commerce as much as he disliked the practice of packing Irish bishoprics with English political clergymen.

"Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer." Translated by R. Grant. London: Murray. 1907. 9s. net.

Captain Grant warns readers that the narrative here set down is a translation of a Spanish translation from the Japanese original. The journal appears to be clever fiction based on fact. The destroyer "Akasuki" is evidently meant to be the 31-knot boat "Akatsuki", but we cannot identify the "Osiva", and are unable to find any Japanese cruiser which will answer the description given of the "Katzumo". As a tale of adventure, the journal is rather overdone. A Japanese officer who intended to publish a history of his personal fortunes would have been more careful in his criticism of superiors, whilst a diarist writing merely for the edification of his family would not have taken so much trouble to deceive his relations. Although the "Hatsuse" and "Yashima" were sunk by mines off Port Arthur on 15 May, 1904, the writer of this eventful story was fortunate enough to notice the "Yashima" in the line of battle on 10 August. Even on 22 December he affects to believe that the Japanese loss did not at that time exceed one battleship and one second-class cruiser. Such mistakes on his part seem inexcusable, for his eyesight was so remarkably good that with the aid of light derived from rockets he was able to discern the "banner of the Rising Sun" displayed on 203 Metre Hill at two o'clock in the morning at a distance which could not well have fallen far short of five miles. It is not surprising to find Admiral Togo congratulating our hero on his luck, for it was indeed truly marvellous. He managed to torpedo the "Pallada" and "Tsarevitch" in the outer roadstead on 8 February, and during the night of 9 February found time to write out a very detailed account of the whole affair, though in his official report, dated 10 February, Admiral Togo shows himself indifferently informed as to what had actually happened. According to the official version of the events of 10 March, the "Akatsuki" was with the first flotilla which engaged the Russian destroyers south of Liaotishan, and it was the "Sazanami" of the second flotilla which had the honour of capturing and destroying the "Steregutchy", the only boat lost by the Russians on that occasion. The boarding operations of the captain of the "Akatsuki" therefore must be relegated to the locker with other tales told to the Marines. From internal evidence it looks as if the experiences of several persons have been hashed up to compose this diary, and we are disposed to seek for the author in the ranks of professional journalism.

"Visitation of England and Wales." Vol. XIII. Edited by Frederick Arthur Crisp. Privately printed, 1905. 21s net.

The name chosen for this collection of pedigrees is not a happy one, for "Visitation" implies the visit of a duly constituted Herald, which Mr. Crisp is not. The idea, however, of

putting on record "such genealogical information as was contained in the Heralds' Visitations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" is wholly admirable, though the principle that has been followed in selecting families for notice cannot be discerned. Many of the facts set down have to be taken on trust, as it is impossible to check them, but we hope Mr. Crisp has been more careful than the old Heralds, whose Visitations are often full of errors. He is certainly less chary about giving details than they were, consequently we learn for the first time the hour and minute at which each of his daughters first saw the light, also the day and time of day at which each of the young ladies was confirmed. It seems hardly necessary to inform the world that the rector who baptised Miss Dorothy Crisp "on the afternoon of Sunday, 13th March, 1898", afterwards developed into the Earl of Bessborough, or that the Prince of Wales, who stood sponsor for Herbert Fisher on 4 May, 1865, is now King Edward VII.; but these pedigrees may some day be of use to genealogists, and will in the meantime help to amuse subscribers. Mr. Crisp does not say on what evidence, if any, he has allowed armorial bearings to the various families included in his "Visitation", so the blazon must be passed over as being in many cases open to suspicion.

"Seeing and Hearing." By G. W. E. Russell. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 7s. 6d.

We cannot say that the books which Mr. Russell nowadays produces so quickly one after another with grace and ease are quite worthy of him. They are "capital reading", and show a knowledge and good judgment of many branches of life and classes of people, and the latest of his volumes is a good sample. It has, of course, an excellent literary touch, and it is full of good stories, most of which will be new even to readers of Mr. Russell's books. But we cannot help thinking with regret of the days when Mr. Russell devoted himself to work of real literary and political value. As for literature, Mr. Russell gave us the Letters of Matthew Arnold in a book as wisely edited as Ainger's Letters of Charles Lamb; whilst, politically, one can, without going back very far, recall him as a figure near the front rank in the House of Commons. One remembers well Mr. Russell following Mr. Chamberlain at his best, and yet appearing by no means an indifferent performer. There are half a dozen men in the Cabinet to-day who are quite inferior to Mr. Russell in most of the qualities that count in politics. We cannot, therefore, reconcile ourselves to him as merely the pleasant writer of books on society.

(*Continued on page* 404.)

"Catalogue of Manuscript Music in the British Museum." By A. Hughes-Hughes. Vol. I. "Sacred Vocal Music." London: Printed by Order of the Trustees. 1906. 21s.

Catalogues are not generally easy to read, and they are still harder to review. The test of a good catalogue is its utility for supplying information on all kinds of points whose nature cannot be foreseen. No one knows for what purpose he may wish hereafter to consult a British Museum catalogue; and probably he would find it hard to say, even after he had used a catalogue regularly for a month, whether it was to be regarded as completely adequate. But everyone must be glad to see that the Museum authorities have begun to catalogue their manuscript music. Their possessions of this kind are extremely miscellaneous. The index to this volume suggests that the collection contains only a few manuscripts of the first rank of importance: or, to be more accurate, only a few which the general public would place in the first rank. It is all the more necessary that a full catalogue of its contents should be available. Mr. Hughes-Hughes must be congratulated on the result. The manuscripts are arranged under general headings, such as Hymns, Motets, Services; these headings following each other in alphabetical order, chronological order being observed, as far as possible, under each heading. Two full indexes, one of initial words and titles, one of names and subjects, complete the facilities for reference. In the second index the autograph manuscripts are distinguished by a mark, so that it is possible to see at a glance what manuscripts the Museum contains which claim to be in the handwriting of any particular composer. It is difficult to think of any other system of arrangement which would have been more generally convenient. Necessary explanations are given under each item, describing the settings or calling attention to variations in the text. These explanations have to be very short, though the volume contains over 600 pages, and in many cases there is much more that one would be glad to learn. But the object of the catalogue is to encourage students to come and see for themselves, and this object it certainly ought to fulfil. The labour involved in compiling the book must have been enormous; we can only be grateful for it and for its general accuracy and care. Two more volumes are promised, one comprising Secular Vocal Music, and a third, to complete the subject, of a more miscellaneous character. When this part of the work is finished, a short account ought to be prepared (if possible, by Mr. Hughes-Hughes) of the way in which the British Museum has come by its valuable and heterogeneous collection of manuscript music.

"The Poetry of Badenoch." Collected and Edited by the Rev. Thomas Sinton. Inverness: the Northern Counties Publishing Company, Limited. 1906.

This is a book that will delight all lovers of things Keltic. It is a collection and translation of Gaelic songs from the remote and romantic region of the "Braes of Badenoch". The minstrelsy is of a varied kind. There are songs of sentiment and songs of love; there are verses humorous and tragic; there is the poetry of the chase and the poetry of politics and war. It is a great gain to literature and history that, thanks to Mr. Sinton's labours, these beautiful poems are now safe from oblivion. The book is dedicated to Mr. Albert Macpherson of Cluny, whose ancestors are renowned in the songs of Badenoch. One of the most pathetic of the poems describes the death in the land of exile of the Cluny of the '45 and the bard's grief that it was not possible to lay him in the tomb of his fathers. All the ballads that relate to the '45 are deeply interesting. To read them is to realise that the Highlanders of the period drew the sword because they understood and believed in the justice of the Stuart cause and not out of a desire for plunder. One of the poems gives a curious explanation for the defeat of Culloden. The pity, the bard thinks, was that the battle was not fought on English soil. Had the Highlanders, he says, not been so near their own homes they would not have scattered so quickly.

"Nyasaland Under the Foreign Office." By H. L. Duff. Second Edition. London: Bell. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. H. L. Duff, though he has to regret his "imperfect acquaintance with scientific methods of research", has had, as a member of the British Central Africa Administration, such excellent opportunities for seeing and learning all about the country, and has been assisted by so many whose opportunities were equally good, that we are not surprised a second edition of his book has been called for. To this edition he supplies an introduction dealing with the changes which have taken place since the transference of the protectorate from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office.

Recent Engravings.—In spite of the excellence of the modern reproduction, the art of the engraver can still more than hold its own. M. Jean Vybond's plate after Hal's "Laughing Cavalier" is an engraving of extraordinary brilliance; no photogravure could compete with it for a moment in lustrous richness of effect. In work of such astonishing fid : t he engraver quite effaces himself. This is published by Messrs. Frost & Reed, who also send us two large prints of merely popular interest, by S. C. Pratt and by H. Sedcole. Messrs. Hanfstaengl have followed up their portfolio of coloured photogravures after Reynolds with a similar portfolio after Greuze. These are printed in colour in the manner of the eighteenth-century colour-prints. They are pretty and effective, though it is a pity that, as was the case with the Reynolds plates, the colour has been coarsened and over-emphasised: the effect is somewhat sugary. The same firm are also issuing a set of large photogravures after pictures in the Prado. The selection is not the best that could have been made; but the reproductions are certainly the most successful that have been published of the Madrid masterpieces, especially in rendering the true tones of the originals.

In a slight pamphlet entitled "**The Beginnings of an Imperial Partnership**" (**London, Clowes**), Lieut. L. H. Hordern R.N. throws out a suggestion as to the lines on which, in his view, we should proceed to co-ordinate and consolidate the interests of Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. He says that the greatest tolerance and goodwill are necessary, together with patient inquiry and the accumulation of facts which should be dealt with by a special department. He finds that all our mistakes and difficulties are due first "to persistence in the idea of the supremacy of the United Kingdom", and second to our inability to realise that problems bear one aspect to the colonies and another to ourselves. Imperial relations that are not based on the idea of the supremacy of the United Kingdom are impossible, but Lieut. Hordern's plea for more sympathy with colonial aspirations is unexceptionable.

"**A Bibliography of the Works of Emanuel Swedenborg, original and collected**", has been prepared by the Rev. James Hyde and is issued by the Swedenborg Society. The object of the bulky volume, which will doubtless be of real service to librarians and bibliographers, has been to gather into one volume reference to all data that affect Swedenborg's work and teaching. Only some such work as this, the bookshelves of the Society apart, could afford an idea of the immense amount of printed matter in various tongues that has been grown around Swedenborg.

"**The Science Year-Book**" for **1907** (**Olding. 5s.**) is fully as useful as any of its predecessors. The diary is excellent in all its information about weather, hours of sunrise and sunset and the rise and setting of the chief stars and planets, whilst there are now 150 pages of close print given to the directory of public institutions and offices, list of scientific societies, short biographies of the leading men in the world of science, and a glossary of scientific terms which is of considerable use.

For this Week's Books see page 406.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

The Principles of Architectural Design (Percy L. Marks). Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.
The Works of Ruskin. Library Edition (Vol. XXVIII.). Allen. 21s. net.

FICTION

Friday the 13th (Thomas W. Lawson). Heinemann. 4s.
The Secret of the Moor Cottage (H. Ripley Cromarsh). Ward, Lock. 6s.
A Gallant of Gascony (Philip L. Stevenson). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
The Dreams of Simon Usher (Algernon Gissing). Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. net.
Petronel of Paradise (Mrs. Fred. Maturin). Nash. 6s.
Charger and Chaser (Nat Gould). Long. 6s.
All that a Man hath (Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken); Deyncourt of Deyncourt (Daisy Hugh Price). John Long. 6s. each.
Dinevah the Beautiful (Elliott O'Donnell); A Dragoon's Wife (E. Perronet Thompson). Greening. 6s. each.
Maid Molly (A. G. Hales). Treherne. 6s.
Prince Hagen (Upton Sinclair), 6s.; Our Lady of the Beeches (Baroness Von Hutten), 4s. Heinemann.

HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY

The Nineteenth Century Series:—Progress of Education in the Century (James L. Hughes and Louis R. Klemm); Presidents of the United States from Pierce to McKinley (T. G. Marquis). Chambers. 5s. net each.
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The Natal Rebellion of 1906 (Walter Bosman). Longmans. 5s.
A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation (Andrew Lang. Vol. IV.). Blackwood. 2s. net.
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Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia, 1806 (F. Loraine Petrie). Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
Documentary History of Reconstruction (Walter L. Fleming. Vol. II.). Cleveland, Ohio: Clark. $5 net.
The Travels of the King: Charles II. in Germany and Flanders, 1654-1660 (Eva Scott). Constable. 15s. net.
Geschichte Spaniens unter den Habsburgern (Von Konrad Häbler: Erster Band). Gotha: Perthes. 10m.
The Irish Parliament, 1775 (Edited by William Hunt). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.
Russia and Reform (Bernard Pares). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

LAW

American Legislatures and Legislative Methods (Paul S. Reinsch) New York: The Century Co.
The Marine Insurance Act, 1906 (Edward Louis de Hart and Ralph Iliff Simey). Stevens and Sons. 6s.
Local Government Law and Legislation for 1906 (Arranged and Edited by W. H. Dumsday). Hadden, Best. 10s.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT

The Horse: Its Selection and Purchase (Frank T. Barton). Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.
The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma. Butterflies—Vol. II. (Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Bingham). Taylor and Francis.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Poems of Tennyson (Selected and with Introduction by H. J. C. Grierson). Jack. 2s. 6d. net.
Moll Flanders and Roxana (Defoe). Routledge. 6s. net.
Baillie to Ingelow, 1s. 6d. net; Beddoes, 1s. net. Routledge.
Supposes and Jocasta (Edited by John W. Cunliffe), 3s. net; Early Sixteenth-Century Lyrics (Edited by F. M. Padelford), 2s. 6d. net; The Pearl (Edited by Charles G. Osgood), 2s. 6d. net. D. C. Heath and Co.

(*Continued on page* 408.)

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TRAVEL

Two Years on Trek (late Lieut.-Colonel Du Moulin. Edited by H. F. Bidder). Murray & Co., 180 Brompton Road.
An American Girl in India (Shelland Bradley). Bell.
Letters from the Far East (Sir Charles Eliot). Arnold. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.
Hungary: its People, Places and Politics (the Visit of the Eighty Club in 1906). Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Venice (Beryl de Sélincourt and May Sturge Henderson. Illustrated by Reginald Barratt). Chatto and Windus. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.
Paris (Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes). Black. 6*s.* net.
Baedeker's Southern France, 1907. Dulau.

MISCELLANEOUS

At the Works (Lady Bell). Arnold. 6*s.*
Engines of Social Progress (W. L. George). Black. 5*s.* net.
Lectures for Club and Cloister (A. Boyd Scott). Paisley: Gardner. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.
Merchant, The Making of a (Harlow N. Higinbotham). Nash. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
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E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,
Director and Principal Librarian.

British Museum, 15th March, 1907.

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LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE.

THE TOTAL INCOME OF THE COMPANY NOW APPROACHING £400,000.

The forty-fourth ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company was held on the 27th inst., at the offices, 67 Cornhill, E.C., Sir Nigel Kingscote, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. G. W. Mannering) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: We have again the pleasure to meet you and to give you a report of what must be considered a satisfactory year's business of the Company, and it is my duty, as on previous occasions, to bring under your notice the leading points. Taking them in the same order as given in the report, I have first of all to refer to the new business for the past year. This consists of 2,258 policies, assuring £788,966 (after deduction of £123,000 of declined and uncompleted cases), with a new premium income of £32,460. The sums assured are more by about £40,000 when compared with the previous year, whilst the new premiums show a slight decrease, probably accounted for by younger lives and fewer endowments. The directors consider that, in face of the great competition which exists nowadays, such a result for the past year must be deemed satisfactory. The Company has now a total premium income amounting to £313,282, after deducting over £9,700 paid away for reassurances, and the increase in the net premium income for the past year amounts to £10,773—a highly favourable feature of the business, indicating, as it does, that the policies are well kept up. The total income of the company has now reached an amount approaching £400,000 (including dividends and interest of £85,540), and I am very glad to draw special attention to the fact that the average rate yielded on invested as well as uninvested funds amounted to £4 0s. 7d. per cent., an increase over the previous year, which showed an average of £3 18s. 3d. per cent. I come now to a very important heading of the report, and that is the claims by death and those under matured endowment policies. The death claims, with bonus additions, amounted to £144,747, and I am happy to say that these have continued within the expectancy—as, indeed, has been the case during the four years of the present quinquennial period. The payments under matured endowment policies show a marked increase during the year, and amount, with bonus additions, to over £65,000 So, together, these totals come to over £200,000, which the Company has been the means of paying during the past year, either to the representatives of their assured or to the assured themselves, under their endowment policies. After payment of these items, with dividends and bonuses and all expenses, the funds have increased to £2,216,112, the addition to the life assurance fund alone being £101,290.

I have referred in previous reports to the decrease in value of what may be termed our gilt-edged securities, and I reported some two years ago the formation of a reserve fund to meet any depreciation. I am happy to say that this fund is considerably in excess of any decline in the market value of the securities as compared with the amount at which they stood in the books of the Company at the end of the year. The shareholders will have noticed a departure in the report this year by reference to the formation of a new fund, called the leasehold redemption and general account, which has been given effect to in order to comply with the requirements of the Board of Trade. I am reminded that another point which on this occasion I have pleasure in drawing special attention to is that at the end of the current year another actuarial valuation takes place, and I venture to appeal to all connected with the Company to make every exertion to add to the new business. I know I can do so to those who so ably represent us in the provinces—and I am glad to see some of those gentlemen are present—and that they will show, as in the past, evidence of their energy and ability to bring in new proposals during the year. I am sure I may confidently extend these remarks to embrace our valued friends and representatives in India, as well as in Canada, where now we feel justified, from the high position the Company has reached and the influence we possess in the Dominion, in taking steps by which we look forward with confidence to bring down further the expense ratio in that country, which, I may remind you, is higher than on business obtained in the United Kingdom. Although we are alive to the keen competition we have to face, we feel sure that such an important step will not interfere with the continued satisfactory progress and consolidation of the Company's business. I may say, in conclusion, that, as announced on the last occasion, when we reported that we had agreed to take measures to increase the home business, our expectations have been realised, and, I am happy to say, show every prospect of a further considerable accession during the current year. I now move: "That the report of the directors, together with the statement of revenue, be received and adopted and entered on the minutes."

The Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley seconded the resolution, remarking that during the existence of the Company they had shown steady progress—not in leaps and bounds, but really in steady advancement. He congratulated them on having kept to their proper business of life assurance, and he hoped they would not change it, as he believed in specialisation in insurance matters as in other businesses.

The resolution was adopted.

On the motion of Sir Reginald Gipps, seconded by Sir Thomas Paine, the retiring directors (the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the Hon. Sydney Holland, and Mr. R. Barclay Reynolds) were re-elected.

Mr. W. P. Clirehugh (general manager), in responding to a vote of thanks accorded the staff, referred to the ratio of expenditure in Canada, stating that they had a right to expect, from the position they had attained in the Dominion, that they should obtain their business at a rather less expenditure. They had been looking into that matter particularly, and they had every hope that the Board in Canada would be able to carry their wishes out.

The proceedings then terminated.

CHARRON, LIMITED.

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS AND ENCOURAGING PROSPECT.

The statutory meeting of Charron Company, Limited, was held on Monday, at the office of the Company, 32 Old Jewry, London, E.C., Mr. Davison Dalziel (chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said the meeting was purely formal and had simply been called in compliance with the provisions of the Companies Act. "At the same time, it may be of interest to you if I give you a few facts with regard to the working of the business since it came into your possession. I may, in that way, be able to point out to you the extremely satisfactory progress of the business in comparing it with the amount of business done and profit made in the previous year. I cannot give you the exact figures with regard to the balance-sheet for the past year, because, although in our possession, the audit is not complete; but I may tell you that that balance-sheet will show a very considerable increase in profits over those of the preceding year. We took the business over, as you know, from the beginning of 1906, and the profits arising from the working of the business from that date until the date of the registration of the Company go to your capital account; but they are extremely satisfactory—far better, in fact, than we had anticipated when we first negotiated for the transfer of this business to an English company. The profit on last year's trading was made on a production of 297 chassis. Since that time we have increased the area and the working powers of our factory, and the new machinery ordered by us, part of which has already been delivered, will put us in a position to reduce our working cost by about 10 per cent. Thanks to the orders being given to our contractors before the recent rise in the price of metals of all sorts necessary in the manufacture of our cars, we shall profit by this very advantageous situation, and we have accepted for 1907 orders amounting to no less than 762 chassis. We do not, however, anticipate that we shall be able to deliver more than about 600 chassis this year, the balance to be carried forward to the year 1908. Despite all the activity which is now displayed in the factory, the whole of our production is completely absorbed for several years to come; for outside the 762 chassis already booked we have signed very advantageous contracts for Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and the Balkan Peninsula. We have even been obliged to arrange in these contracts for very small firm orders for the first three years, owing to the fact that we are not in a position to supply more cars to our clients. I think this condition of affairs, which is highly satisfactory, will be overcome very shortly, because we are still further increasing our factory, and our facilities for an extra production of cars next year will be still greater than is the case this year. We hope that in a very short time foreign countries will absorb a large portion of our production. We have been obliged to refuse orders for the construction of motor cabs and cars for private hire, as your directors are of opinion that for the time being we must satisfy the customers who order private cars for their own use, this class of business constituting the largest source of our revenue and profit, especially owing to the fact that the quality of our cars has not found any serious competition. The number of chassis delivered in 1906 was 297, that to be delivered in 1907 will be about 600. It can safely be anticipated that an important increase in profit will be realised, therefore, for this company. These profits will be still further enhanced owing to the fact than an important reduction will be obtained on the goods we purchase for the manufacture of the cars, due to the increased orders we are able to place in respect of raw material. In order to give a comparison of the results obtained during the first two months of the present year and the first two months of the preceding year, I may tell you that, whereas in 1906, during the month of January, we turned out 11 chassis, and in February we turned out 22, in January, 1907, the production was 36 chassis, and in February 42. The turnover of the business for January, 1906, was 236,000f., and for February, 1906, 594,000f., or a total of 830,000f. for the two months, whereas in January, 1907, the turnover was 576,000f., and in February, 1907, 700,000f., making a total of 1,276,000f. I can only say that your directors are extremely satisfied with the condition of the business, and are very sanguine indeed as to its future prospects. I do not think I have anything more to tell you; but if any shareholder present would like to know anything further about the business which I have not explained, and it is in my power to answer any question which may be put, I shall be delighted to do so."

In answer to Mr. Prior, the Chairman said the working capital provided at the time of the issue of the prospectus—namely, £100,000—was available. The profits made during the past year went to increase that working capital, thus increasing the working facilities of the company. At the time of the issue of the directors' report all the calls had not been paid up; but they were coming in quite satisfactorily.

The Chairman, in reply to Mr. Bowen, said it was not customary to apply for a settlement on the Stock Exchange until after the final call was due. The date of that call was March 16 or March 17, after which it was necessary for a few days to elapse before the directors could make a report on the subject to the Stock Exchange authorities. The application would be made in due course.

Replying to Mr. Stevens, the Chairman said that 80,000 shares went to the vendors as part of the purchase consideration.

Mr. Bowen moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, remarking that it was very satisfactory to have such an encouraging statement submitted at the statutory meeting and such an able chairman.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Prior and adopted.

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment, and the proceedings then terminated.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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